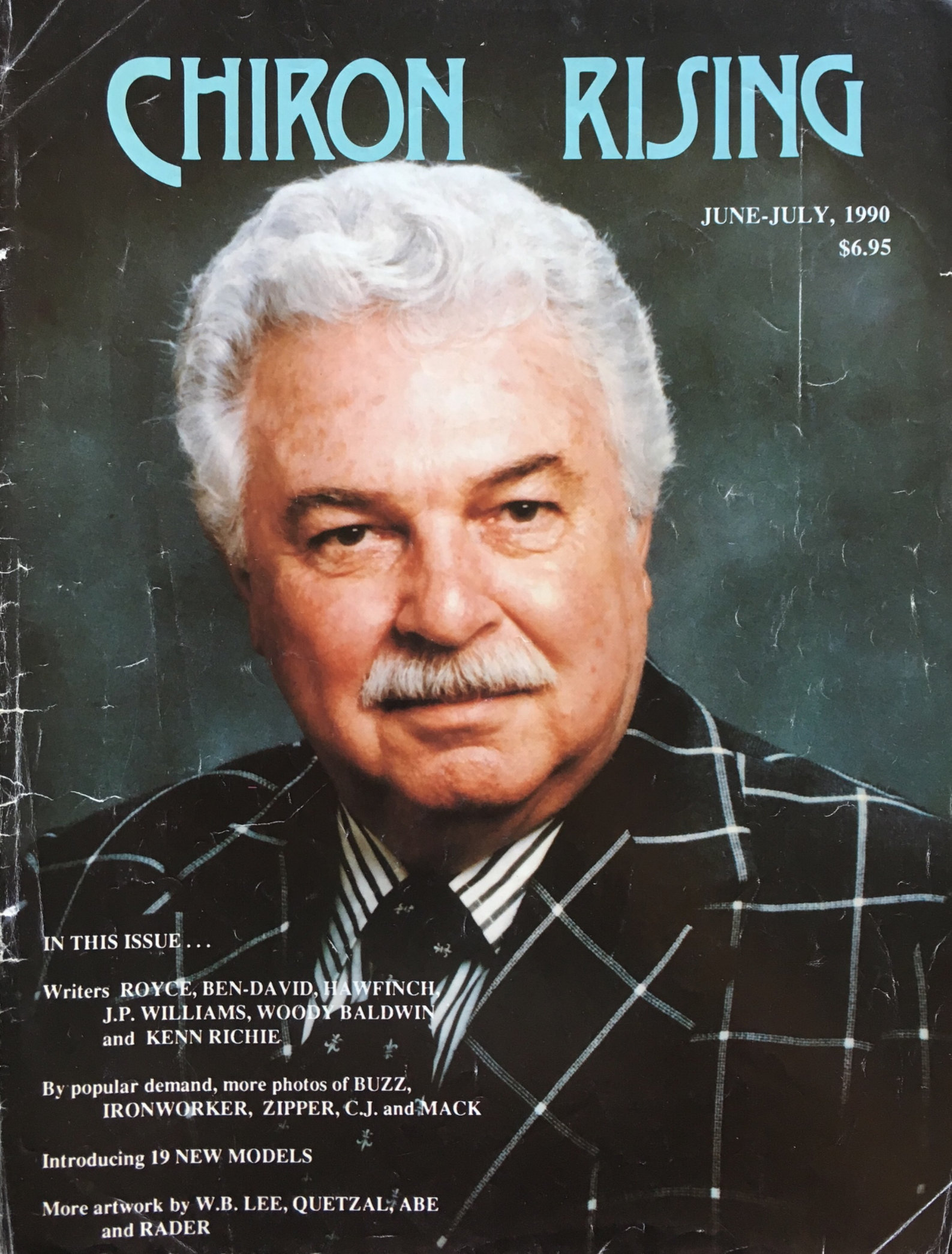
CHIRON RISING

JUNE-JULY, 1990
$6.95



IN THIS ISSUE . . .

Writers ROYCE, BEN-DAVID, HAWFINCH, J.P. WILLIAMS, WOODY BALDWIN and KENN RICHIE

By popular demand, more photos of BUZZ, IRONWORKER, ZIPPER, C.J. and MACK

Introducing 19 NEW MODELS

More artwork by W.B. LEE, QUETZAL, ABE and RADER

THIS PUBLICATION IS DEDICATED TO THOSE MATURE MEN AND THEIR MALE ADMIRERS WHO SEEK ENTERTAINMENT WHICH GLORIFIES SOCIAL, SPIRITUAL AND SEXUAL RELATIONSHIPS BETWEEN ADULT MALES. IF YOU ARE UNDER 21 OR OFFENDED BY SUCH MATERIAL, PLEASE READ NO FURTHER!

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PUBLISHER/EDITOR
Patrick H. Colley

BIG BOSS
The Friar

WRITERS/ARTISTS/ PHOTOGRAPHERS/MODELS
Our Subscribers

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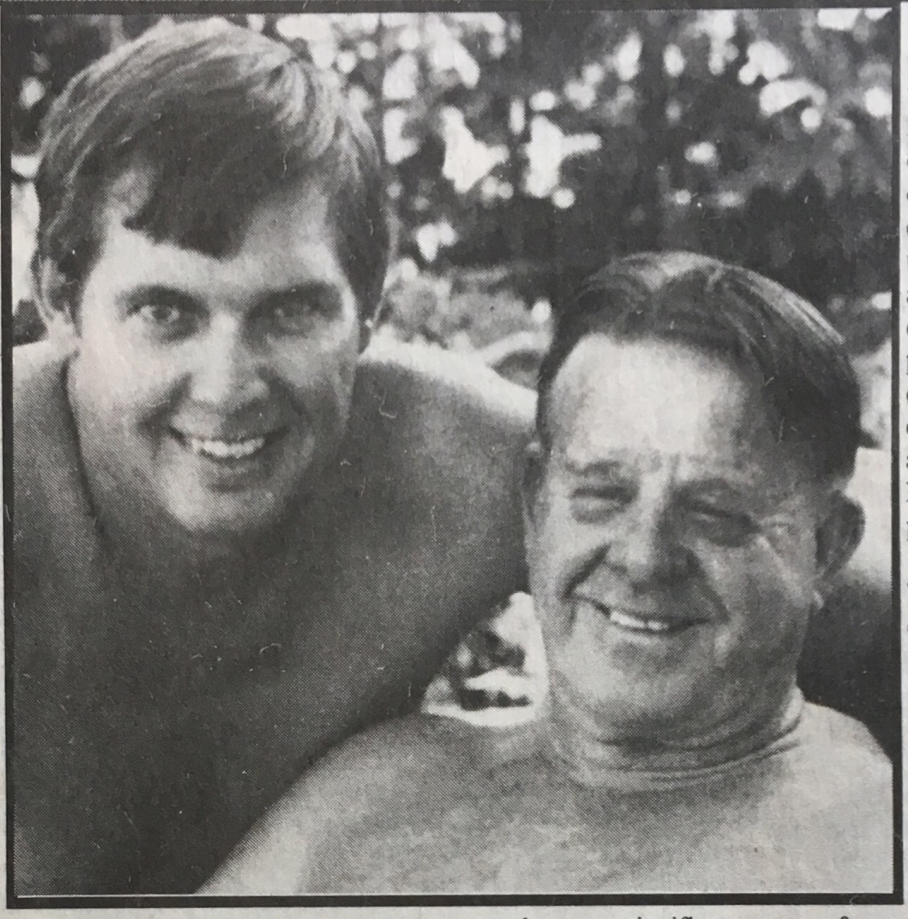
GREETINGS FROM CASA DE LUNA

KENN RICHIE is one of our best supporters. He's also one of our most astute critics, and it's his contention that something was lost when we discontinued this section a few issues back. We missed it too and decided to reinstate it, corn and all.



Hot temperatures have returned, and our orchard is loaded with tiny fruits and nuts. The poppy, Ceanothus, lilac and locust are ablaze with vivid color, and the garden is verdant with new growth. Sammi and Zelda (our two mutts) are shedding terribly and rolling in the renewed grass. Spring has returned to the high desert.

Accompanying spring is a surge in new subscribers and a rather substantial increase in sales by our European distributor, Acolyte Press Distribution in Amsterdam. Healthy growth has returned.

So far this year, we have entertained 37 subscriber house guests from all over the world, and every single one was charming-- in spite of the fact that all were asked to cook, wash dishes, proof read and pretend that they liked dogs. The photogenic ones were urged to strip and pose for photos. Few will forget the experience.

On June 20th, The Friar and I will celebrate our fifth anniversary. It has been the five swiftest and sweetest years of my life; sometimes I can sense the sun moving faster, ignoring my plea to slow down. No sage need tell us that these are the most significant years of our lives, and sharing preeminence with the ecstasy is a feeling of responsibility to you readers. We'll always share our joy with you.

Pat and The Friar

CHIRON RISING offers a tremendous opportunity for retired, novice or professional writers, artists and photographers to get exposure. Because we are still struggling to catch on, we can't pay cash for your creations. We can get you noticed by the right people, though, and we can pay you in other ways.

We seek works that hold the more mature man in a positive light. Works may be humorous, erotic or serious, but must be in one of the following forms:

—Cartoons.

—Short stories. We no longer accept standard, purely sexual fiction or "porn." We do, however, accept unusual fiction in the genres of adventure, drama, comedy, horror, black comedy, fantasy, etc., the more erotic the better. Manuscripts must be less than 10 double spaced pages and must be edited and highly polished for consideration.

—Drawings, no larger than 8 X 10, unless invited.

—Poetry.

—Essays or articles on any subject of interest to the mature man and his admirers— same as short stories, except limited to 4 double spaced pages.

—Photographs (color or black & white)—full portrait, undisguised preferred, with good contrast and clarity. Will consider nude, clothed, erotic or otherwise. Releases required by those owning the publication rights.

Note: All subjects or characters depicted must be over 21 years of age. Works even hinting of pedophilia or bestiality will not be considered.

All submittals must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. Payment will be made in CHIRON RISING copies, subscriptions or special issues as agreed to. Unsolicited manuscripts of short stories over 10 pages, novels, novellas, screen plays, plays or any other longer works will not be accepted without previous query. ▭

HELP

We write this while sitting in the corner, wearing dunce caps. In our April 90 issue, we featured an essay called *CONFESSIONS OF A CHUBBY* by BIG EIDER. In our Special May 90 issue, we featured a short story by STEPHEN JAMES, called SATURDAY MORNING. Unfortunately, we forgot to write down the real names of these writers in our cross reference file, so we have no idea who they are.

We profusely apologize to these fine writers and ask that they contact us and identify themselves. We'll publish profiles on both after the fact. ▭

LETTERS

Dear Pat and The Friar: Enclosed is a check for the special issue. I now own every issue you have ever printed—plus all the videos. I am very happy with your publication/organization. You guys are great. I have always enjoyed the magazine from cover to cover, but nothing has ever excited me more than the ZIPPER. The nude photo in February/March 1990 was the closest I've come to seeing a fantasy on paper. Then the color "dressed" photo in the next issue added to my turn-on. Now, how about some color nude photos? Please! More ZIPPER!. Yours truly, S.P., New York.

Dear Pat: I cannot resist writing you my compliments on your excellent novella RECOMPENSE FOR CLIFFORD PENDER. Congratulations on a compelling and entertaining piece of writing. I loved both installments. This is one of the best stories I've read on gay life. At the conclusion I was so moved, my eyes were misty! I am an eclectic reader with ample time each day devoted to books of all kinds, and your story moved me more than any that has passed before my eyes in many a moon. Somehow, I have the impression that the story may be somewhat autobiographical or taken from the experiences of someone well known to you. Please, give us more of these exciting and different stories of the gay life we don't come across often. Importantly too, I want you and the Friar to know that I like very much the new look of CHIRON RISING, and wish you well with its continuing growth and prestige. I am happy and proud to say that I have been a devoted reader of SWAN/CHIRON RISING from its early beginning. With affectionate greetings to both. W.D., San Diego.

Dear Chiron Rising: Thank you so much for your good magazine. I just love it. I am elderly and retired on total disability. I'm also alone. Ever since I started sucking cock when I was ten years old I longed for an older man to love. I still hunger for an older man forty-five years later! Your gentlemen in the photos are so comforting—God, what beautiful men. It's nice not to feel so alone when I read your journal. I'm really looking forward to the back issues. I'm a semi-shut-in so your magazine is about as close as I'll ever get to such fine, mature men. There is joy in masturbation and one doesn't have to have an erection to achieve orgasm, so life is still worth living. Your IN CLOSING in the latest issue touched a sore spot . . . dispelling that stigma. I have been either ugly, fat, crippled or old all my life and have felt myself to be persona non grata with most gay people. I made myself a lonely life in the closet, so to speak, but feel freer in many ways now that I'm retired than I ever did before. My only real regret will be having no older man in my life to love and share with. Therefore, thanks again for bringing your beautiful men to me. Best wishes to you in all your endeavors. W.N, Tacoma, WA

Dear Pat and The Friar: Thanks for CHIRON RISING. It's a great publication. One of the things I would like to know more about is the potential exposure to AIDS in oral sex. I know you have addressed this issue in the past, but I recently read in a magazine that they recommend using a condom (during oral sex). That wouldn't be any fun at all. I am sure that others would like an update as would I. B.B., Indianapolis

[Editor's Response: We have an 8" thick file on AIDS articles and have read of only two cases of alleged HIV infection from oral sex. We have yet to read of substantiation by any government agency, however. If any reader has information that the Surgeon General, the Centers for Disease Control or any like source has joined in the condemnation of oral sex, or that a case of oral transmission has been verified, please send it to us for publication.]

Dear Pat and The Friar: I knew the February issue was special when I saw that homoerotic, dynamite photo of ZIPPER on page one! Talk about a luscious, gorgeous, scrumptious, homosexy, senior sex symbol, that's ZIPPER! It took me 15 minutes to get past page one! He looks absolutely stunning in that shot—especially for someone who's survived two heart attacks. The man has the type of mature, voluptuous virility I readily respond to. In that shot, ZIPPER looks like the Greek god, Poseidon, taking a break on one of the Greek Islands, getting ready to debauch with a merman or two for some "afternoon delight." I can't get over his ripe, brawny, homosensuality. He's a wet dream come true for us devoted admirers of mature men. He's definitely on a par with EX-LOGGER, ROB DADEO and THE COLONEL. Sincerely, F.J., Texas.

Dear CHIRON boys: I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it any more! I have been a reader for about a year now. Because I have no privacy at home and have a sensitive job, I'm forced to buy CR at bookstores. When I purchased the December 89 issue, the magazine was well displayed and I barely got there before they sold out. One clerk said that the store usually sold out within 72 hours of putting CR out. When I came in to buy the February 90 issue, I found twenty copies in a remote section, almost hidden away. This really got to me and I approached another sales person. Incredibly, he denied that CR was a hot seller, so I accused him of prejudice against older men and it was like slapping him with a hot iron. Me thinks I hit a nerve. It frightens me to think that some queen clerk has the power to stunt the sales of such an important

magazine. It also pisses me off that none of the CR readers before me bothered to scream bloody murder. I'd bet my left nut that they were turned away and told that the store didn't have CR. They've been shit on so long by "Gaymain" that they've become whimps. Perhaps you should remind your readers that you've made one hell of a commitment to them and that it is a two way street. Even your subscribers should get out to the bookstores and push the point across that it's a book store's responsibility to serve us all—not just the clones. A friend told me that your readership is over 20 thousand. It is outrageous to think that those thousands of men can't get off their lazy butts and start harassing the bookstores into carrying and properly displaying the only magazine we older farts have. You shouldn't be whimps either! Kick some ass! R.S., (location withheld in order not to embarrass the local book store, which has apologized for burying CR).

Dear Pat and The Friar: Congratulations on your 4th year of publishing a fine magazine! I've been a subscriber since August, 1988. That was when I read about you in the advisor page of The ADVOCATE. In the short time since then you've gone through many changes, the most notable being the new name. All have been good steps. The April 90 issue continues the high quality I've come to know; having mature gentlemen on the cover will enhance your magazine. It makes a strong statement: *This magazine features older men and their admirers.* If I were not a subscriber, I would purchase it, post haste. The portrait of KENT JUSTICE and THE COLONEL was spectacular! I haven't been so deeply touched by a photograph since the one of yourself and The Friar appeared in SWAN. In our society there is little support for gay relationships. Intergenerational couples receive even less support. Positive expressions of love such as this are priceless and well worth the subscription price. Once again, congratulations on your 4th anniversary. Keep up the superb work. Sincerely, S.F., Connecticut.

Dear Pat and The Friar: As usual, I could not put down your new issue until I'd read it all—and I loved it. I particularly enjoyed your novella, Mr. Solomos' LETTER FROM LONDON, Mr. Eider's CONFESSIONS OF A CHUBBY and the drawing by KOALA, which really rocked me off my feet—not only for the beautiful model (100% the type of man I like)—but also for the professional use of the pencil and the knowledge of human anatomy, which, by the way, reminds me so much of the skills of our very missed friend, SKUA. I treasure his magnificent drawings! And again, you put temptation on my way with your May 90 Special Issue and you can see the results in my bank draft. I have also been receiving SAMSON Magazine since February and I am thoroughly thrilled with its contents—visually of course, as it distresses me deeply not to be able to read Japanese. As a matter of interest, I wrote to KAIMEI-KAN well over four years ago after getting their address from a Dutch gay guide. At that time, they had no English translator readily available and, when I received their reply, there was no mention that the magazine was aimed at those preferring mature and chubby men. So . . . I missed over four years of great fun and they missed my subscriptions. How disappointing for both parties! I think of you often and admire your work and dedication. Please never give up. We shall be by your side always. Please accept my warmest greetings and best wishes to you both. J. B., Australia

Dear CHIRON: I'm very disappointed in the quality of the paper you started using in the Feb 90 issue. CR now looks cheap. E.V., New York.

[Editor's Response: To avoid having to increase our price by 25% in order to stay afloat, we were forced to make some drastic changes. We switched from Kord to newsprint presses to lower our production costs; added a color cover and lowered our cover price to be competetive at the newsstands; changed to thinner paper to save on postage; and held our subscription price. Most readers view the above changes as progressive and a definite improvement. Ex-subscribers are coming back in droves and our sales have increased sharply.]

Gentlemen: Love your new look! If ZIPPER has an I.Q. over 60, there is no God. I know . . . he's taken. Oh, well! R.T., Arizona.

[Editor's Note: Over the past four years, we have sent out approximately 300 news releases, announcing our existence to virtually every gay periodical in the world. We've also sent out proposals to over 100 gay and adult book stores world-wide. Favorable responses are in the minority. Follow-ups have prompted comments such as, "I found your magazine to be disgusting," and "Who wants to read about old men?" This from the same men who portray themselves as pillars of "gay" society and ask you to help fight homophobia. The following open letter is for them. Rest assured copies will be mailed to them. Just in case we miss some, perhaps you might like to send for copies and strategically present them.]

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Remember us? We've approached you before with news of our existence, but have received only silence as a response. As a matter of fact, 90% of our proposals to book stores and news releases to gay publications are ignored. So who are the enlightened 10%? You'd do well to know:

PUBLICATIONS

"CR is a real alternative to the more and more standardized alternative publications. . . . there's an intimate labor-of-love quality to it." [Pittsburgh's OUT]

"CHIRON RISING is a beautiful production which serves its cause with pride . . . that cause can be summed up in the phrase, 'old is beautiful.'" [France's GAI-PIED]

"At last there is hope for those of us who were morbidly contemplating our later years as a grey expanse of loveless frustration." [Australia's OUT RAGE]

"(CHIRON RISING) prides itself on going out of its way to restore dignity and self-respect to older men." [The ADVOCATE]

"There's a pervasive positivity about the "golden years" of gay life in CHIRON RISING." [FRONTIERS]

BOOK STORES

A Brother's Touch, Minneapolis; A Different Light, Los Angeles; A Different Light, New York; A Different Light, San Francisco; Beyond the Closet, Seattle; Category Six, Denver; Chosen Books, Royal Oaks, MI; F Street Books, San Diego; Glad Day, Boston; Giovanni's Room, Philadelphia; Lambda Rising, Washington; Lobo Bookstore, Houston; Lobo/After Dark, Dallas; Mustang Books, Upland, CA; People Like Us, Chicago; Boekhandel Vrolijk, Amsterdam; The Bronx, Amsterdam; French Art, Paris; Intermale, Amsterdam; Lavendelschwert, Köln; Mannerschwarm, Hamburg; Prinz Eisenherz, Berlin.

The dignity of our quest is highly evident, as is your indifference. That we are a very popular, legitimate publication is public knowledge. We therefore assume that you willfully choose to ignore our plea—that you somehow feel that gay, bisexual and curious/hetero seniors and their admirers aren't worth the effort. If that is truly your position, then you should take heed:

CHIRON RISING is growing steadily and creating a network of previously silent and passive men who have become much more assertive and less tolerant of businesses which exclude them. Moreover, because of a simple process called "aging," thousands join our ranks daily.

Perhaps you'd like to reconsider your position.

Sincerely,
Patrick H. Colley, Publisher

SILENUS HONEY . . . photo by SOL

PROFILES OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The following writers, artists, models and photographers are featured in this issue. You may write to any of them the same way you write to an advertiser with a codeword. Write your letter and stamp it with a 25 (US), 30 (Canada) or 45 (Overseas, per half ounce) cent stamp. In pencil, in the center, write subject's name, then place the envelope inside another envelope and mail to us for forwarding.

ABE is 41, 5'-5", husky, muscular, masculine and very talented with his hands. This fantastic artist lives in the Montana Rockies and lives a very solitary life, possessing a great love for the outdoors.

BILL is a part time real estate investor from Sarasota, Florida. He's 5'-8", 155# and loves to sail to places like Key West and the Bahamas. He plans to sail to NewYork City this summer and needs a small crew—say someone between the ages of 30 and 40.

WOODY BALDWIN is the founder of PRIME TIMERS and one of those who supported us early on, helping us get started. An outstanding organizer and humanitarian, Woody is on the front line in the battle against ageism and is one of the most dynamic senior leaders to come along in decades. Woody is also a very funny and clever writer, capable of nailing it on the head with great accuracy. He and his lover of many years, Sean, live in Austin, Texas.

JOSEPH BEN-DAVID, 72, 5'-9-1/2" and 210#, is an exceptionally inventive and talented writer who resides in New York. He's had successful careers as a graphics designer, an exhibiting artist, and an antiques shop owner. A shy nature lover, Joseph seeks an affectionate friend who is a good scrabble player and an intelligent conversationalist—someone who understands the solace in tending a garden in view of the sea.

BULLFINCH is 61, 5'-7", 155# and one of the most sizzling models KENT JUSTICE has ever come up with. He's a retired engineer, lives in the Midwest and is free to travel. BULLFINCH is looking for a sincere relationship-oriented fellow, 21-50 who enjoys life and togetherness.

BUZZ is a retired salesman and former Coast Guard radio operator. He's 5'-9", 205# and lives in Atlanta and St. Augustine with his lover of many years. This outrageously handsome man likes sincere, sober, non-drugged guys, 35-55.

C.J. is a Southern California senior who travels extensively. This fine, masculine specimen turns heads everywhere he goes. C.J. has been with us from almost the beginning and has been responsible for landing us quite a few staunch supporters.

CLINT is yet another find of KENT JUSTICE from the deep south. Residing in New Orleans, this 64-year-old, 6'-2", 200#, blue-eyed sweetheart seeks a companion, 25-50 to share quiet times and make memories.

THE COLONEL is the big, brawny, hairy, bull-balled lover of KENT JUSTICE. He's Kent's favorite model too. This MAN is quiet and very masculine and, when he says something, everyone listens. See the profile on KENT JUSTICE.

CYGNUS, a gorgeous auto parts salesman, is 26 and resides in New York. He's single and still looking, prefering stocky/short and 50ish. "Yes," he says, "there are exceptions."

DOCTOR JACK specializes in family practice in Michigan. He's single, 62, 5'-10", 165#, handsome, and into exercise, travel and many other things. He would like a relationship with a younger man and loves oral sex, cuddling and kissing. You younger men, take notice.....and he's a DOCTOR!

DOUGHBOY is a West Texas farm-raised educator who can't exist without laughter, books, opera, travel, visitors and good food. This Capricorn is 69, 6'-2", 225# and can't wait to introduce the right guy to his 7", fat cut friend. He now lives in the Metroplex area.

FATHER BEAR is a tall, 51-year-old Daddy/Master who enjoys leather. He's hairy, 6'-2", 340# and is looking for a permanent relationship. He lives alone in Northern California.

THE FRIAR is the inspiration for the creation of this publication. He is none other than the publisher/editor's 69 year old lover and Associate Editor/Chief Financial Officer of CHIRON RISING. Subscribers who come by to meet your publisher/editor usually leave, madly in love with him. Shy, yet photogenic, THE FRIAR reluctantly allows his photos to appear from time to time....to enthusiastic applause.

THE GARDENER is a 60-year-old Teddybear Belgian living in Brugge, Belgium with his 36-year-old lover. They enjoy traveling, cooking, penpals and visitors. They'll be visiting the U.S. next year, so drop them a line.

GERARD is a delightful, 45-year-old Frenchman residing in Paris. Having a good command of English, he welcomes penfriends from the U.S. Gerard likes chubby, older (60-80) big men. You older/heavier guys traveling to France should get in touch with this winner!

HAWFINCH, a 70-year-old, lively, horny, retired professor living near the Canadian Rockies, is 5'-10", 160# and as handsome as a gold bar. He's looking for exchange visits with men all over the world.

HORNBLOWER is a 36-year-old musician from Las Vegas who's into long distance bicycling and skiing (water and snow). He's 5'-10", 200# and likes senior men with facial hair, silver heads and uncut equipment.

IRONWORKER is 60ish, built like a brick outhouse and sexy as hell. This retired contractor drove 'em wild at the Best Friends bar during the 1989 Mardi Gras and rumor has it that he shook them up worse in 1990. When he enters the room, jaws drop. He's single but prefers to play the field for now. He makes his home in Los Angeles.

JACK, at 69, 5'-9", 150#, is a late bloomer who lives in Alabama. Footloose and retired, he seeks a pal over 50, healthy, hunky and cut for intimate friendship.

KENT JUSTICE is a bright, handsome, 30ish artist/ photographer/videographer, who lives along the Gulf Coast with his model partner, THE COLONEL. KENT and THE COLONEL have been with us from the beginning and have supplied us with countless subscribers, as well as an inexhaustible treasury of fantastic photographs.

W. BRUCE LEE is a San Francisco tattoo artist who is known for his exotic depictions of powerful men and their animal friends. URSUS MINOR has graciously allowed us to publish his collection of LEE's works.

MAGIC, 61, lives in Chicago, but is looking for young chasers from all over. This good looking Big Man was much sought after at the L.A. Convergence and will be attending the next convention in Chicago during Labor Day 1990.

MACK is 55, 5'-11", 235#, brawny, hung, highly educated and bisexual. Heaven is getting this powerful man's man into a sling and making love to his 8" X 7" (around) cock, balls and prostate. MACK is married and lives in Orange County.

NIPPER is the 65ish lover of our very popular model and writer ZIPPER. NIPPER, a stocky, cuddly teddy bear, has a past no one would get bored hearing about. He's multitalented and can wear lots of hats. He's even been in movies.

SCOTT PHILLIPS is 25 and lives in Los Angeles, where he is a struggling (but incredibly talented) actor/model. This intensely handsome young man has always loved older men, especially bald or balding men.

QUETZAL has been with us from the very beginning and has contributed a massive amount of cartoons to the cause. His current hit series, GOLDEN GOODIES, is critically acclaimed. The description "prolific" doesn't do him justice. QUETZAL and his dynamic model/actor lover, PLOVER, reside in West Hollywood.

RADER is 30 and has always been into older men. His spouse is 45. A professional artist in the Saturday morning cartoon biz, he's successfully crossed over into the erotic genre, having been published in DRUMMER, I.T., The ADVOCATE and FIRST HAND. Look for his upcoming collaboration with P.H. Colley on CR's new line of illustrated novels.

KENN RICHIE is one of the finest and most prolific fiction writers in gay erotica today, and many are saying that he wrote the book. This Los Angeles senior is an award-winning playwright and has written an amazing number of screenplays which went on to become movies. His heart is with us, however. A powerfully insightful man, he is one of our best supporters and gives us exclusive rights to possibly his most important works: *his outstanding opinion pieces.*

ROYCE, another brilliant C-R discovery, is a handsome young writer who resides in East Texas. ROYCE introduces a fresh, unique approach to fiction and poetry, and we are amazed that he wasn't discovered before now. See his ad under TEXAS.

REED SCOTT is one hell of a photographer and we thank KENN RICHIE for landing him for us. He's 36, 5'-10", 190# with green eyes and a background that would intimidate most people. This man has done it all: taught tennis, run three marathons, skied the Alps, dogsledded the Arctic, recorded soundtracks in major studios, danced professionally, excelled in keyboards (piano and synthesizer) and studied art and music in Europe. Reed lives in Los Angeles with his lover.

SEAN III is a 28-year-old Dutch anthropologist and musician residing in Amsterdam. He lives with a 57-year-old friend and likes well-hung Sean Connery types.

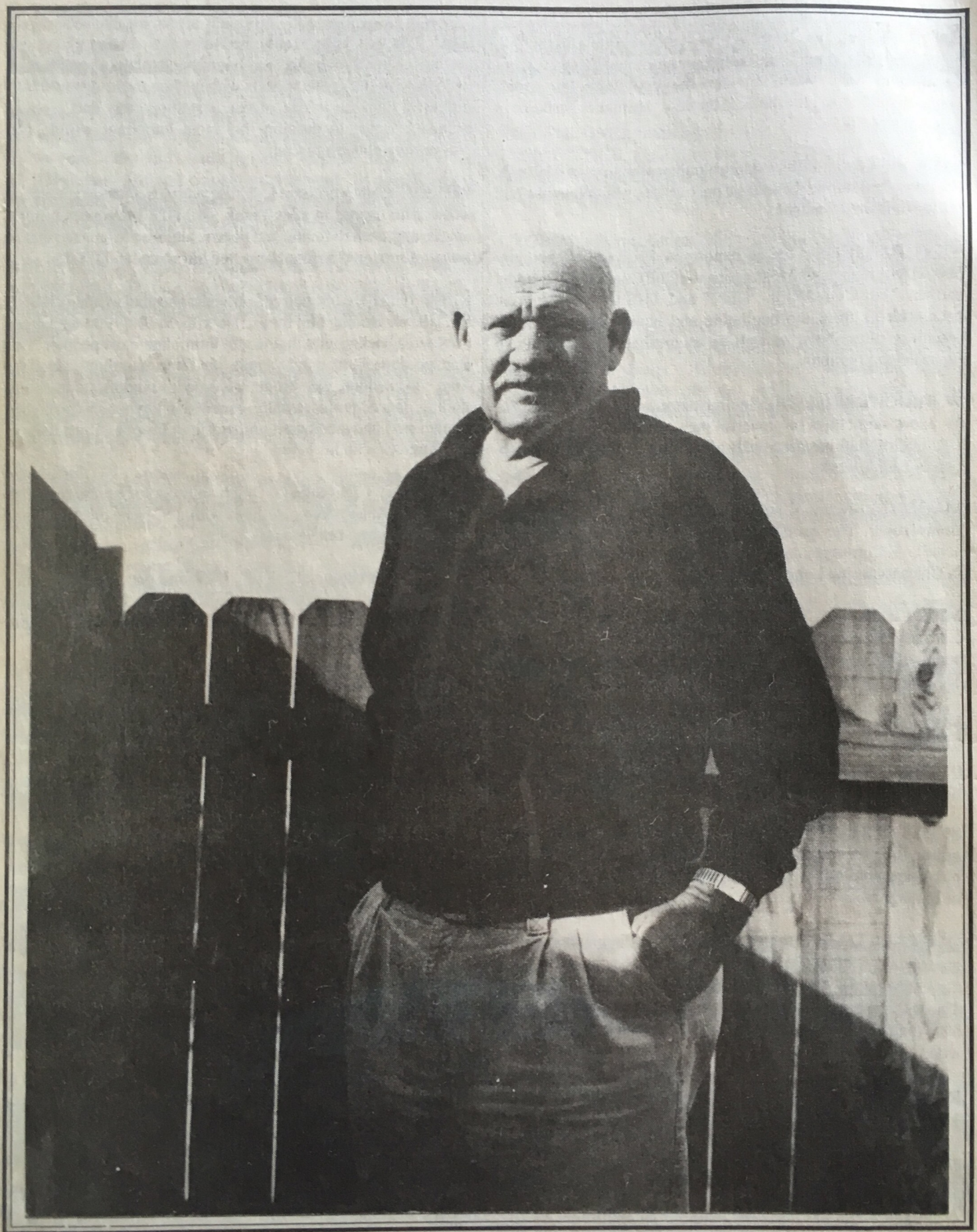
SHAITTO is barely 21, 5'-10", 140# and one beautiful young man who loves older men. Originally from Mexico, he now resides in Los Angeles, where he works as a waiter and attends night school to better himself.

SILENUS HONEY, an experimental filmmaker from L.A., just turned 60 and is 5'-10" and 240#. He lives with 50 rare finches and loves to write and act. Just wait until we get this one in the top half of a Santa Clause suit!

STRAC is our first Black model. At 48, 5'-9", 195# and handsome as hell, this guy is a hunk deluxe. Recently transferred from Tennessee to Dallas, STRAC is in the market for someone over 40, any race, who is conventionally versatile.

JASON P. WILLIAMS (aka "Jaypee") is the pseudonym of a well known writer/artist whose career in gay erotica has been enhanced artistically, if not financially, by his contributions to CR. Jason furnishes most of the current gay publications with highly unusual, erotic fiction as well as an occasional drawing. Under his real name he is an internationally famous chubby chaser and lives in New York with his hunk of a lover of twenty years.

ZIPPER is one of the most fascinating men we've ever had the pleasure of meeting. In his late 50s, this man has a reason to celebrate life. He's miraculously lived through two major heart attacks, episodes of cardiac arrest and heart bypass surgery. He's witnessed unexplained events that will make the hair rise on the necks of the most hard-core cynics. ZIPPER and his lover and business partner, our model NIPPER, live in the Palm Springs area.



IRONWORKER . . . photo by P.H. COLLEY

ORGANIZATIONS, ESTABLISHMENTS AND PUBLICATIONS OF INTEREST TO CR READERS

The names of the following organizations, establishments and publications have been brought to our attention as being of interest to C-R Readers. They are featured herewith as a public service:

BELGIUM

LE DINANT
41 place de Dinant
Brussels
Sauna featuring many older and bear types.

CALIFORNIA

AFFILIATED BIGMEN'S CLUBS
584 Castro St., Suite 139S
San Francisco, CA 94114
National BigMen's Clubs HQ

BC/SW
P.O. Box 1501
Pomona, CA 91769
Communications network for men of all ages who are into balls. Publishes quarterly newsletter, which contains stories, articles, photos, drawings and personal ads.

BEAR MAGAZINE
COA
2215R Market St. #148
San Francisco, CA 94114
Magazine for men who like masculine, hairy men. Many of BEAR's models are older.

BLK
Box 83912-C
Los Angeles, CA 90083-0912
National black gay magazine. 7-23-91

CENTER 55
2025 E. 10TH ST.
LONG BEACH 90804
(213) 434-3089
Support/discussion group for senior gays and lesbians.

G40 PLUS CLUB
P.O. Box 6741
San Francisco, CA 94101
(415) 552-1997
Social club for men and women over 40.

GALAXY
P.O. Box 26197
San Francisco, CA 94126
(415) 861-4785
Gay and Lesbian Accommodations for the Experienced in Years . Retirement center trust

GIRTH & MIRTH LOS ANGELES
P.O. Box 19520
Los Angeles, CA 90019
Big Men's Club

GIRTH & MIRTH SAN FRANCISCO
P.O. Box 528
San Francisco, CA 94101-0528
Big Men's Club

GLOE
1853 Market St.
San Francisco, CA 94103
Gay and Lesbian Outreach to Elders . Senior social services organization which offers—among other things—support to newly bereaved senior men.

GOLDEN GATE CONNECTION
P.O. Box 2328
Daly City, CA 94017-2328
Big Men's Club

MR. MIKE'S
Los Feliz, near Glenfeliz
Los Angeles
Bar which caters to older men and their admirers.

NCGA
P.O. Box 2866
Vista, CA 92083
North County Gay Association . Social organization which welcomes seniors.

ROMAN HOLIDAY HEALTH CLUB
14435 Victory Blvd. - Van Nuys
Spa/Sauna/Massage. Loaded with grey-haired hunks.

SAGE OF CALIFORNIA, INC.
P.O. Box 4071
San Diego, CA 92104
Seniors Active in a Gay Environment . Social services organization for senior gays and lesbians.

SSGLC-PROJECT RAINBOW
255 W. Hill St. #410
Los Angeles, CA 90012
(213) 621-3180
Society for Senior Gay and Lesbian Citizens. Social services organization for senior gays and lesbians.

WHITE SWALLOW
Polk Street near Clay
San Francisco
Bar frequented by oldertypes.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

GIRTH & MIRTH D.C.
P.O. Box 44814
Falls Church, VA 22044
Big Men's Club

ENGLAND

CITY OF QUEBEC
Marble Arch
London
Spies say that there is a "sea of silver hair" in the back bar.

FLORIDA

CHUBBIES & CHASERS CLUB
P.O. Box 6494
Delray Beach, FL 33484
Big Men's Club

NORTHERN FLORIDA BEARHUNTERS
P.O. Box 5958
Jacksonville, FL 32247
Big Men's Club

GEORGIES
On Sunrise
Ft. Lauderdale
A bar catering to mature men.

THE PALMS
N.E. 4th
Ft. Lauderdale
A bar catering to older men.

FRANCE

AMIGROS
c/o C. SEUNG
2èmé Avenue 12
Le Chapeau Vert
94250 Gentilly, FRANCE
Big Men's Club

SAUNA MILAN
rue de Milan
Paris
Sauna which welcomes older and heavier men.

GERMANY
CLUB AMSTERDAM
Waidmannstrasse 31
Frankfurt
Sauna which welcomes older and heavier men.

CLUB SIEBEN
Munich
Bar filled will older, husky men.

THE TEDDY BEAR
Munich
Bar with a good mix of older and younger.

HOLLAND
OUD ROZE
Harry Vroon
't Kofschip 55,
3904 RM Veenendaal
Dutch contact club for men 40 and over.

ILLINOIS
GENTRY
Rush Street near Ontario
Chicago
Bar which welcomes older men and their admirers.

GIRTH & MIRTH CHICAGO
P.O. Box 14384
Chicago, IL 60614
Big Men's Club

IRELAND
THE GEORGE
George Street
Dublin
Bar with an older crowd.

JAPAN
KAIMEI-KAN
Overseas Division
P.O. Box 66, Shitaya Post Office, Taito-ku,
Tokyo, JAPAN 110-91
Publishers of SAMSON Magazine, which glorifies the heavier and older man. Send 2,000 Japanese Yen or U.S. $14 cash for current issue.

SNACK POPLAR
2-12-1 Shinjuku
Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo 160
Tel: (03) 350-6929
Bar catering to heavyset men. Sign is in Japanese, so call for instructions.

LOUISIANA
THE COUNTRY EXCHANGE
P.O. Box 381
Sibley, LA 71073
Magazine for country and rural men—many older.

GOOD FRIENDS BAR
St. Anne at Dauphine
New Orleans
The Mardi Gras hangout for mature types.

MASSACHUSETTS
GIRTH & MIRTH NEW ENGLAND
P.O. Box 6041
Boston, MA 02209
Big Men's Club

PRIME TIMERS
Mr. Mark Nichols
120 W. Concord St.
Boston, MA 02118
Organization for older gay and bi men and admirers.

MICHIGAN
GIRTH & MIRTH DETROIT
P.O. Box 39523
Redford, MI 48239
Big Men's Club

MINNESOTA
HOLIDAY BULLETIN
Box 1208
Minneapolis, MN 55458
Contact club for older men and their admirers.

NEW JERSEY
NORTHEAST DIRECTORY
Dept. A, Box 2357
Princeton, NJ 08543
Contact club for men 40 and over from Maine to D.C.

TRASH MAGAZINE
D & W Enterprises
P.O. Box 292
East Rutherford, NJ 07073
An earthy, uncensored, sky's-the-limit magazine for mature men into tattoos, truckstops and, of course, trash.

NEW YORK
G & H CLUB
353 E. 53 St.
Manhattan
Bar catering to mature men

GIRTH & MIRTH NEW YORK
P.O. Box 10
Pelham, NY 10803-0010
Big Men's Club

JOHNNY'S PUB
Lexington, between 47th and 48th
Manhattan
Bar catering to mature types.

PRIME TIMERS - NEW YORK METRO AREA CHAPTER
P.O. Box 291, Midtown Sta.
New York, NY 10018
Organization for older gay and bi men and admirers.

SAGE
208 W. 13th St.
New York, NY 10011
(212) 741-2247
Senior Action in a Gay Environment, Inc. Social services organization for senior gays and lesbians.

PENNSYLVANIA
DADDY The Magazine
Ganymede Press, Inc.
P.O. Box 5325
Harrisburg, PA 17110
A one handed reader for men 35-65.

SWITZERLAND
ALEXANDER SAUNA
near central station
Zurich
Sauna which welcomes mature men.

BARFUSSER
near Niederdorfstrasse
Zurich
Bar which welcomes seniors and admirers.

TENNESSEE
RFD
P.O. Box 68
Liberty, TN 37095
A reader-written journal for gay men which focuses on country livng and alternative lifestyles.

TEXAS
BRIARPATCH
Greenbriar & Holcombe
Houston
Bar which caters to older men and admirers.

METROPLEX PRIME TIMERS
P.O. Box 2878
Dallas, TX 75221
Organization for older gay and bi men and their admirers. Meetings second Sunday of month.

PRIME TIMERS - AUSTIN AREA CHAPTER
Woody Baldwin
P.O. Box 436
Manchaca, TX 78652
Organization for older gay and bi men and their admirers. Meetings first Sunday of month.

THE HIDEAWAY
Dallas
A bar which caters to older men.

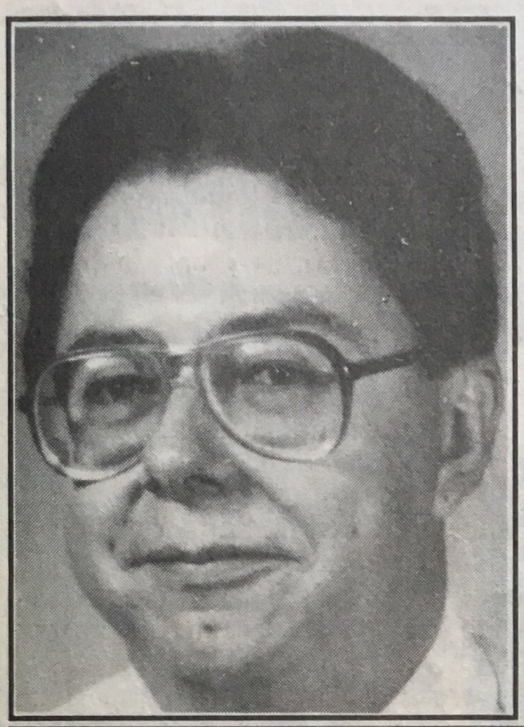
WASHINGTON
NORTHWEST CHUBBIES
P.O. Box 9935
Seattle, WA 98109

Big Men's Club

MATURE FRIENDS
P.O. Box 30575
Seattle, WA 98103
(206) 781-0228
For individuals over 50 and their friends.

[Editor's Note: If you know of an organization, establishment or publication which should be included on this list, please forward information to the editor. If we receivenough data, we'll publish the world's first guide for seniors and admirers. Corrections to the above list will be very much appreciated.]

GERARD . . . photo by BIRD OF PARIS



HOW THINGS WORK OUT
Fiction by ROYCE

The Past

Ron and Ron meet as all people who evolve into lovers do—eye contact and imagination. Ron, the older one, is a film professor with an insatiable love for old movies and young men. Ron, or Ronnie they decide on to help ease the confusion of others (*they* know who they are)—Ronnie falls into Ron's life in the haphazardly purposeful way autumn drops a treeful of leaves on a clean lawn. One minute a few come down; the next a colorful blanket wraps comfy-cozy around the tree base, each individual leaf adding to the gestault of the whole scene.

Time flies (it always does).

Five years have passed, and our boys are going strong. Oh, they fight, occasionally. Make up and keep on living their dream. Simply put, they love each other and want to keep on loving. All else in life, while having importance, is incidental to their love.

What do they look like? Well.

Ron is forty-seven, brown hair and eyes, just under the Conradian six-feet, and handsomely muscular. A man.

Ronnie is twenty-seven and looks like Ron in miniature but not as built. Ronnie has that languidly lazy physique that falls in place and grows like the clutch of wildflowers that you didn't plant but leave because although short-lived, their beauty is too poignant to cut down before nature decides to reclaim what is too much a part of life not to regrow somewhere else.

No. They aren't perfect. Ron can be too outgoing and too much the life of the party. Ronnie tends to complacency and not being as open emotionally as he should. Given their ages (Ron is the older one, remember), one might wonder why it wasn't the other way around. Yet this quirky union of opposites is . . . maybe . . . a major part of what keeps them together. Each finds in the other something they need and more, a gift to give. Balance.

Yet their other major problem is sex. (No, it doesn't get smutty here.) Both like it. Oh, they make love, often, with a passion, and at times with other people. Then serious diseases started going around, reality creeps in and they change their habits, stay monogamous until someone "invents" safe sex; yet they still have a care.

All of which starts Ron to thinking for the next five years about mortality, the one left behind, and starting over.

The Present

How do things work out? Good, very good as far as this world goes.

Out to celebrate their ten-year anniversary, our boys go into their favorite bar after dinner. They walk into a party in their honor. Yes, they're surprised.

A few hours later. Still at the bar.

"Well, you gorgeous man you," Ron camps, "cliché as it may sound, I love you and hope for ten more years. During which time I'll prove to you just how much."

Ronnie blushes, knowing how honest Ron is being. Very. "You know, I'll take you up on that," he answers. They kiss, sharing in a single gesture all that close friends and lovers build together. Love, trust, honesty, humor, anger, jealousy, childishness, truth. The good and the bad. They kiss longer, each knowing full well all the turns and twists of the time to follow. This excites them even more.

As their lips part and their faces finally lose some of the overt intensity, a man walks into their periphery, a man possessed of the singularly most beautiful eyes—sea green—that either has seen. He is holding two drinks and stands respectfully close to their bar stools.

"Hope you don't mind. I blundered into the party by mistake. My name's Cyril and I'm new in town, so the bartender said stay and meet people. So I thought the least I can do is wish you the best," he finishes, handing over the drinks.

Ronnie takes a visual check while Ron engages in small talk. Cyril is fortyish (on the up side), about five-seven, graying dark hair, trim but with plenty of bulk. *Just the kind,* he thinks wickedly, *to bounce you around the bed.* One thing leads to more; sordid details are exchanged. Ron and Ronnie decide by osmosis that a little anniversary present is in order. Ronnie *looks* at Ron.

"Cyr," Ron begins in his giving-you-a-nickname-to-break-the-ice voice, "Cyr, Ronnie and I want to give ourselves a private anniversary gift and would like to share it with you."

"Oh," Cyr replies not too innocently, a little warily; some things even he won't do.

"Would you," Ronnie joins in, smoothly completing a routine both our boys know well, "like to come out to our house and see it?" He ends campishly batting his eyes which sets all three to laughing and heading for the door.

Outside, the air is cool, the sun long since set, fog rising from the lake on the edge of town. They walk to the cars; Cyril fumbles nervously for his keys.

"You can ride with us," Ron offers. "We'll bring you back."

"Oh, it's okay," Cyril rushes, not wanting to spoil the moment. "It's just a little foggy."

"Well we don't have far to go," Ron states. "We'll go slow so you don't get lost." More laughter, and they're on their way.

As they pull into the driveway of a refurbished, late Victorian house in quiet suburbia, Cyril is a little nervous but excited enough to go from a simple watch-the-porn-movie session to things a little sleazy. Some things he *will* do. Ron and Ronnie expect the usual safe three-way and waking up alone together for a real celebration.

Fate has a mind of his own. Each beginning is an end of something, a reminder that nothing is ever the way we plan.

The first drink finished, the lamps on low, and the clothes come softly off. Cyril leans back on the couch, nibbling on Ron's still hard stomach as Ron slowly grows harder against the top of Cyril's chest. Ronnie is on his knees nuzzling deeper into Cyr's crotch, feeling the secure warmth of his love above him balanced by the more immediate heat in Cyr's abdomen. Something different builds in the air. Instead of the rush of lust that comes with a quick thrill, they take their time. Each touch becomes a chance to know the other man better, to enjoy better.

A soft flash of lightning and the first spatterings of rain. Cyr flinches visibly; barriers start to rise.

"Cyril," Ronnie implores, soft, insistent.

"I don't want to spoil your anniversary . . . " Cyril starts then trails off, lonely, embarrassed and retreating. Ron sits beside him and drapes an arm across Cyr's back.

"Tell us," Ronnie asks with a hint of a little boy in his voice, on his knees massaging a hairy, warm chest; himself brushing up close to Cyr's uncut, again hairy cock and balls. Cyr looks at Ronnie then over to Ron who mouths *tell us*, voiceless, asking with his eyes and his touch.

"My . . . my lover died in a plane crash a few years ago," Cyril says quietly, his voice caught between emotion and a matter-of-fact barroom tone. "We were together for twelve years. I'm forty-two. That was three years ago and I've never felt comfortable on a rainy night since." This last is rushed.

Silence. The rain starts to grow.

"I'd better go before it picks up," Cyr states flatly but makes no move.

"Why not stay where it's safe," Ron offers, using as much tenderness as is there when someone close is hurting, a gift from Ronnie. Ronnie echoes the feeling by taking Cyr's cock in his mouth, working his tongue on the underside of the shaft until it fills up his mouth and goes deeper. Ron twists Cyr partway to him and opens the other man's mouth with his tongue, tasting a sweet, eager mouth and met with a tongue as eager as his own.

Ronnie pulls off of the cock noisily, slurping on purpose to get the other men's attention, get the action going. He knows Ron's capabilities, can guess at Cyril's. And after years with someone as brash as Ron, a new situation doesn't scare him. Outside, not to be left undone, the sky lets loose a torrent, a tantrum at being left out of making Cyril's hell once again. Inside, the men are oblivious to the rain. They shift position; Cyril on his right side, back to the couch. Ronnie squeezes onto the cushions in reverse position and starts lashing Cyril's cock again, squirming it into his mouth. Lightning flashes punctuate their movements, giving them a strobe effect, compressing time and action.

Ron moves to Cyril's mouth/Ronnie's crotch and tongues what he can reach of both. Cyr pulls away from Ronnie's cock while slowly gyrating his hips. Ronnie moans and dives deeper. Cyril looks up and sees two matching cocks. Both his new friends are about five and one-half inches, not too hairy, and *thick*. The gray in Ron's hair excites him even further, reminding him of his first love, now gone. And as he takes the older man in his mouth, hollowing out his cheeks to pull deeper, Ron moans, which starts the other two giggling.

"All right," Ron says with playful roughness, his voice glazing over. "You both asked for it." The heater kicks on, drying the sweat caught cooling on the bodies of the men. Ron uses his hands to pull Cyril on top, starting them both to bouncing on the couch, driving Ronnie wild.

Finally the thunder. Nature gives in and booms his acceptance as first Cyril then Ronnie cries out in answer. Cyril shoots and shoots and shoots. Ronnie almost gags but swallows as much of the top as he can; the rest runs out of his mouth and over his face. Ron pulls Cyril up onto Ronnie's cock head and whispers "lick" into Cyr's ear. He does so silently, mature enough to know that what Ron is doing is coaching, bridging the gap in experience between himself and the other two. Letting him know the little secrets that build up over the years and inviting him in. Cyr starts to rise, but Ron keeps his back down, continuing the process of introduction.

When Ronnie shoots seconds later, Ron eases Cyr up, allowing the younger man a little breathing

space. Cyr again hollows out his cheeks and drinks. Outside the storm has stopped, defeated by a stronger element. Laughing with release, Cyril rolls off and onto the carpet as Ron takes his place. Cyril laughs again and looks up, then sits up, his crotch and face sticky. Ron thrusts and sucks, and thrusts more. He moves Cyr's hands to places on both he and Ronnie that are effective.

They moan. Cyril gets hard again, surprised at himself because he thought he had lost that ability. *Come to think of it,* he realizes, *Ron wasn't that hard.* But he *does* use it. The heater clicks off as the two on the couch climax so close to simultaneously that it doesn't matter. Ronnie gets even more cum, rubbing his tongue against Ron's slit, sending shivers through the man which drives him deeper. With a last slurp, Ron pulls off and out of Ronnie. On bottom and exhausted, Ronnie gulps one final time and sleeps.

Cyr helps Ron off the couch and they kiss, each tasting the other's sweat and Ronnie's cum. Chuckling deeply, gravelly, Ron goes to a closet, pulls out a blanket and eases it over Ronnie. Cyril steps closer and the two men embrace, joining bodies, gray hair, everything. Again, Ron chuckles.

"What," Cyr states, starting to laugh himself.

"Been a long time since I got that fuckin' satyr to pass out," Ron grates, his voice still carrying that husky, sexy glaze. "I get a hell of a kick out of it, but it's his special pleasure."

"And yours?" Cyril asks, leaving no doubt in his voice that he is willing for anything to happen.

In response, Ron eases his hands around Cyr's butt, slips two stubby middle fingers through a hot, sweaty sphincter, and smiles. Cyr answers with a light in his eyes and steals a glance at Ronnie.

"Don't worry. He won't sleep long; besides, he knows the way to the bedroom," Ron whispers mischievously.

Later.

Ronnie walks into the bedroom and whoops when he sees Ron on his knees between Cyr's legs, both men quietly breathing with shared pleasure and common maturity that exists naturally between older men.

"Well?" Ronnie asks as he kneels beside the two men, quietly placing his hands onto them both. "It's . . . up . . . to . . . him," Ron grunts heavily. Ronnie looks down at Cyr, whose face seems glazed yet eyes clear.

"Will you join our family?" Ronnie asks in a level, clear voice. Ron keeps going, feeling the sensations build. Cyr starts breathing deeper, faster, and whispers one silken, honest, heartfelt word: "yes."

The Future

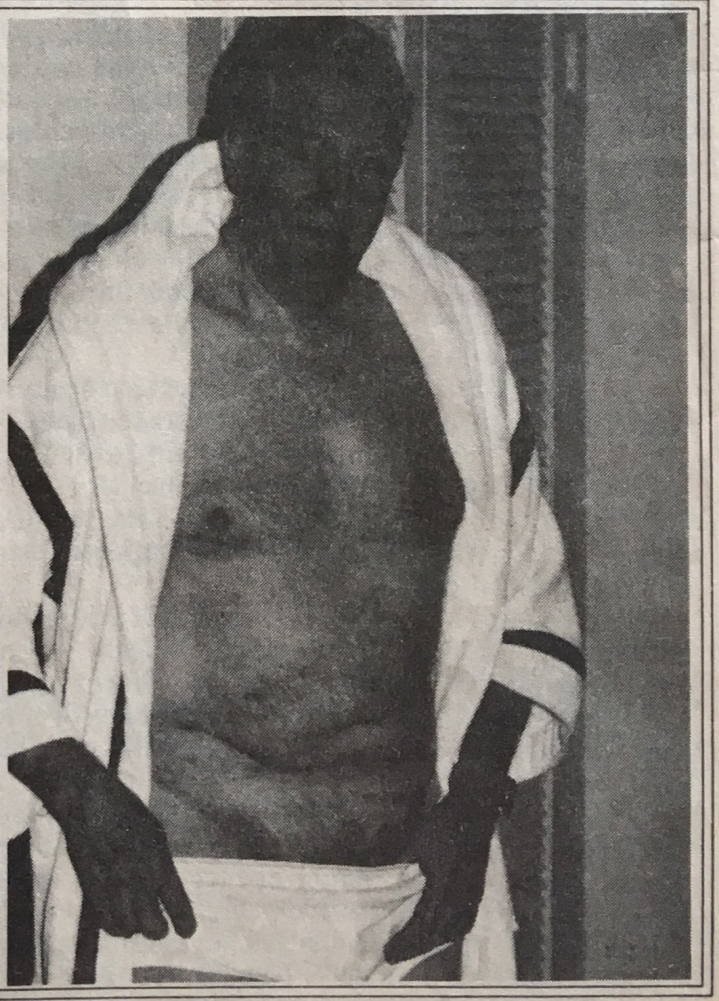
It belongs where it has always existed: in the nooks and crannies of imagination, of hope and of respectful fear.

Our boys (all three of them now) have two paths to choose from—no more are needed. Like nature, they can choose autumn or spring. For these are the two real times of our life. Summer and winter are static, fixed, immovable. The others bring change into our lives, are dynamic. And man by nature is dynamic, drawn to and through the times of change by his choices and whatever is in him at the time that strongest attracts the right season.

And we carry the seasons within us. Autumn can creep up like a cat on the back of a couch before it settles on your neck. Trees can wither; leaves fall; snow. And someone winds down, is no more. That too is in our being. Yet look around the forest; listen to the silence. Someone else listens also. Look in their eyes and you'll know. It is no crime to be alone.

Because, ahh, God! the promise of the spring, the simple hope, is what lies under the frost of autumn. It can bloom again when and where it is least expected, increasing a garden or putting up two flowers where there was one. Or as in most cases, only one blossoms again, answering the call to push above ground and feel the sun. Look around. Don't give up on spring. You never know when it will catch your eye with myriad colors.

How things work out is up to you. ▭



CLINT . . . photo by KENT JUSTICE

THE MEN OF SAMSON

OUR GENERATION'S LEGACY. . . TO BE OR NOT TO BE . . . by WOODY BALDWIN

It is only the members of the older generation of gays who are privileged to understand what the sexual liberation of the sixties has done to enrich the gay experience.

Today's young people have not had to live, to the extent we did, in the dreadful fear of discovery, which in itself would almost surely ruin a career, alienate the family and turn the well-meaning upstanding citizen into a leper-like loner. Today's gays enjoy freedom that yesterday's young gays could not even imagine.

There is still a long way to go before gays can be accepted as occupying a normal place in society. But, sad to say, even the liberated gay society has in general turned its back on the folks who endured the greatest hardships—yes, even fought the first battles for sexual freedom. If the guys who fought back at Stonewall are living today, they would probably be in their 50s at least. Heroes? They should be and they are in the legend; but, if today they walked into a bar populated with young men, would they be welcomed with open arms? You know the answer. And it is difficult for us to throw stones because in our day we were just as disrespectful of our elders, calling them "aunties" and "old queens." Not only are older men not respected, they are even made to feel unwelcome in their own society. Intimidated? You bet! Frustrated? You bet! Bitter? In most cases, you bet!

We're all still fighting for freedom of sexual orientation. But as older men, we have one more battle to fight, and you—yes, you—can be a hero on that battlefield. People like Albert Schweitzer or Martin Luther King were not super humans. They were composed of the same parts as you and I. I doubt that either of them, when they embarked on their humanitarian objectives, expected to occupy a place in history of revered and respected immortality. They saw a need and they did something about it.

I am not suggesting that we should all be an Albert Schweitzer—or even a Harvey Milk, Leonard Matlovich or John McNeill—but, in the battle to bring the older gays the acceptance they deserve you—yes, you—can make a difference.

Pat Colley and The Friar helped pioneer the movement to bring recognition, respect and a feeling of worth to the older generation of gays and bisexuals. They made us feel desirable again. Pat and The Friar aren't super humans either, even though they are super nice guys. They are everyday fellows like you and me who had a dream. Like the heroes, they saw a need and did something about it.

In my own small way, I've erased a guilt feeling I had about the fact that others were fighting the battles for my gay rights while I hid in my secure closet. In 1987 I started PRIME TIMERS, the organization for older gay and bisexual men. Even though I have realized only a fraction of what I want to achieve before my number comes up, I have the satisfaction of having started a small snowball that is slowly becoming a bit bigger with each passing year; I have hope that within my lifetime I will see a nationwide network of PRIME TIMERS chapters and will be able to say, "I made a contribution." Because of PRIME TIMERS, my retirement years are richer than I ever dreamed possible, and I am sure I am a much younger septuagenarian than I would have been if I had not embarked on this life-enriching commitment to bringing social opportunities to older gay and bisexual men.

Through CHIRON RISING, PRIME TIMERS and similar organizations, a beginning has been made to bring dignity to older men and it is gaining momentum, strength, size and importance. Here is the important message: *It is within our grasp to be the generation that brought respect to older men.*

In every population center are untold numbers of lonely older men who have fallen between the cracks of gay society and would love to read about and enjoy companionship with other men. Do you realize that in this same community there are many lonely older men who have lost their long-term mates and desperately need to meet other similar men to share their experiences and to lighten their loads? They can't discuss their loneliness with family the way straights can. Do you realize that there are many lonely older male couples who hunger for companionship of other simpatico men of their vintage? They would even travel if they knew they had friends in other places.

Do you want to enjoy the feeling that you made a difference? It is possible. Maybe you don't feel you've enjoyed that fifteen minutes of fame that Andy Warhol said everyone has. But you can still have it. It doesn't take education; it doesn't take money. It takes guts and commitment. You could introduce your friends to CHIRON RISING, or organize the older gay and bisexual men in your community into a chapter of PRIME TIMERS, or urge your local gay newspaper to write about both organizations as a public service. You could contribute not only to the life enrichment of many guys, but to your own sense of accomplishment and pleasure as well. You would have paid your debt to society; perhaps most importantly, you would have helped to raise forever the class of older men from the pits to their rightful place in society.

We've all known men who have become very bitter toward gay society. Rejection is not easy to take with a smile. But if enough of

us decided we could make a difference by bringing pleasure to the older men in our community, we could make life a lot more rewarding—not only for our own generation but coming ones as well.

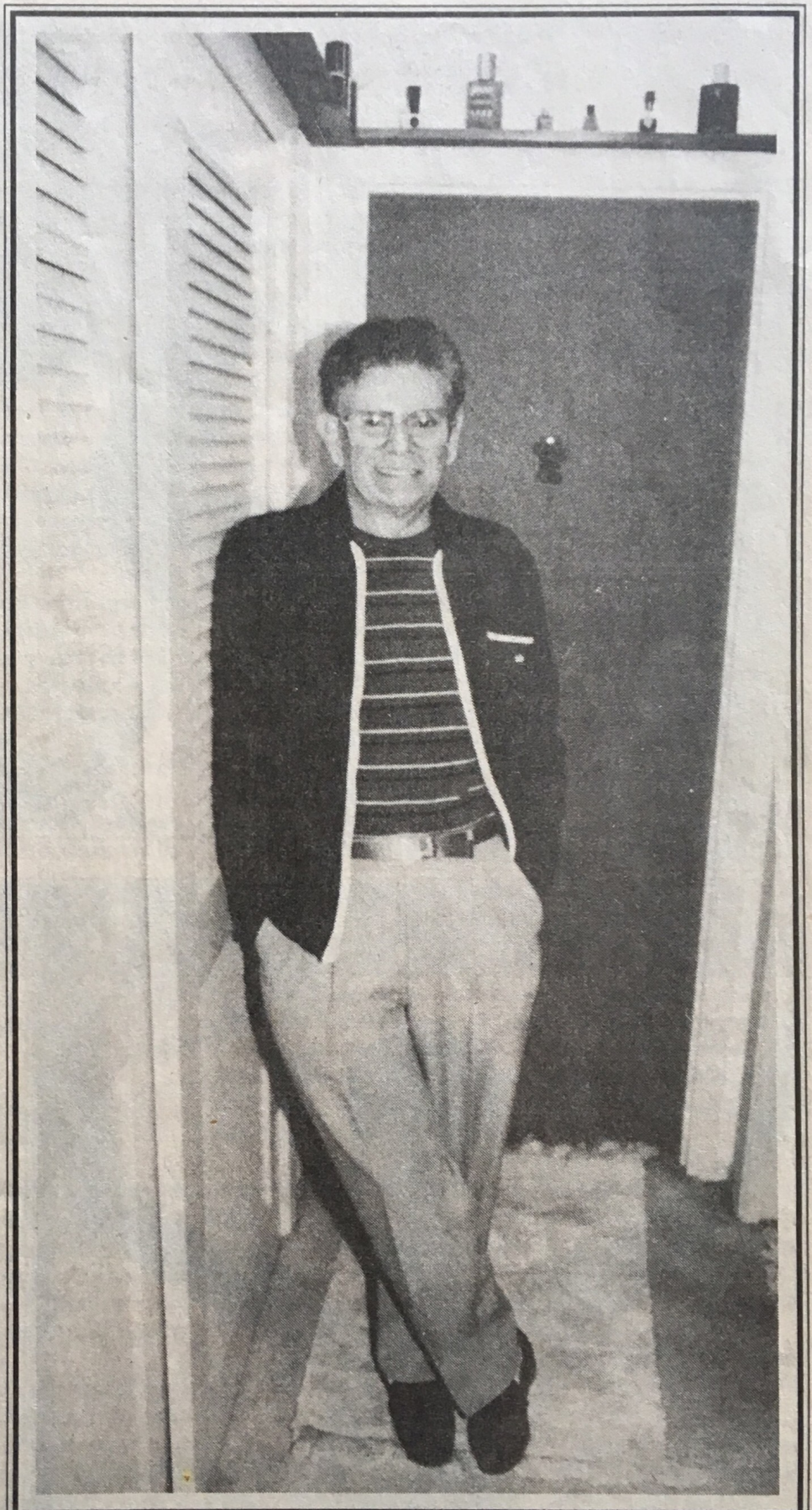
Bringing older men back into a respected place in the mainstream of gay society is within our reach as at no other time in history. Give a damn! Exert some effort and accept my money-back guarantee that you'll have a whole new outlook on old age, on being gay or bisexual, on life itself. Do it for yourself; do it for your less fortunate peers; do it for the present and future gay societies. But do it. The older fellows we bring back into the gay society may well be the swing votes that will get gay rights in your city or state.

There are literally tens of thousands of men out there who want to meet you either through correspondence or in person. You are desirable to many more people than you realize. Publications and clubs for older men are taking us oldsters off the shelf and into the mainstream. You'll feel younger. Life will become less monotonous. You'll meet other vibrant, sexually active, caring people who are anxious to stay healthy, happy, independent and productive for a long time to come.

If you're retired or thinking about retirement, you have been told repeatedly to keep busy. Maybe it has become a cliché that you choose to ignore. Listen and heed! It is more than true; it is *gospel*. And what better way to stay active than to contribute to a better world for gays and bisexuals, yourself included.

The movement to bring dignity to older men has started. You can be a part of bringing it to fruition. Shakespeare said that all the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players.

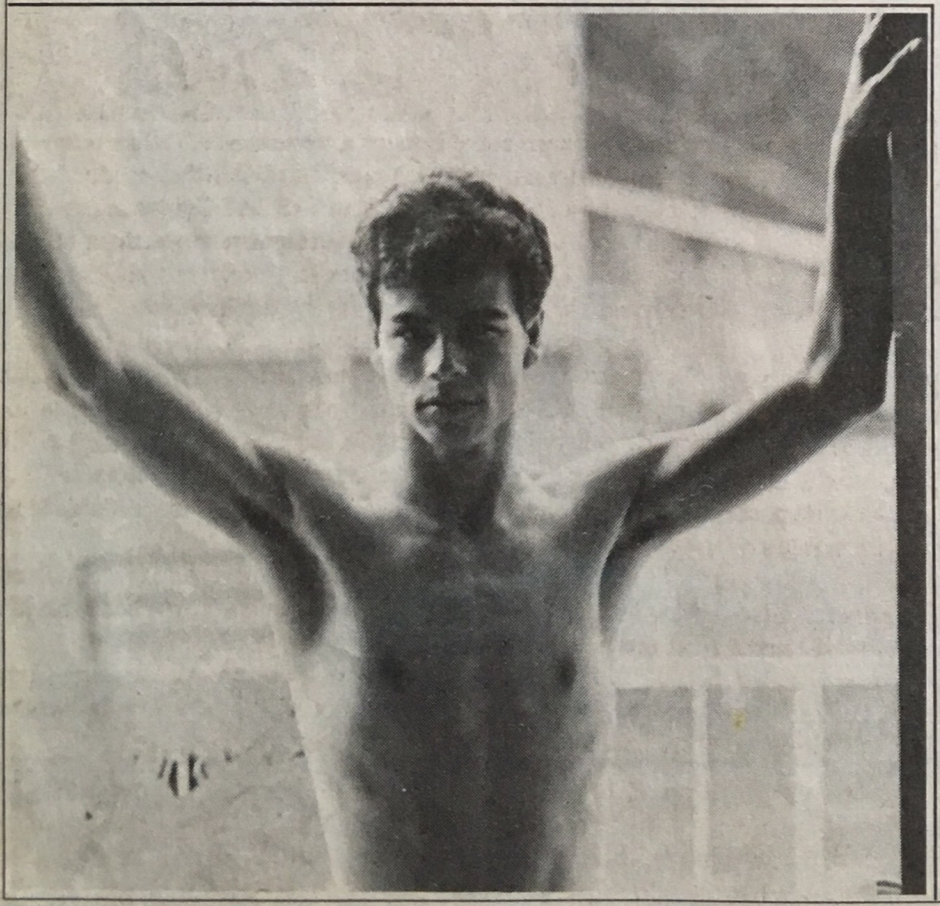
Don't settle for being just a player; help write the play!



BILL . . . self portrait

YOUNG LOVERS OF OLDER MEN

SEAN III . . . photo by JAN



SHAITTO . . . photo by REED SCOTT

DIABETES MELLITUS . . . by DR. JACK

Are you often thirsty? Do you urinate a lot? Do you have a sore that won't heal or maybe you have boils quite often? Is there diabetes in your family? These are only some of the beginning or classic signs of possible diabetes mellitus, a disease of the pancreas.

The pancreas is a long, thin gland that lies crosswise just behind your stomach. One major function of the pancreas is to produce insulin, a hormone which helps to maintain and regulate the level of your blood glucose, the main source of energy for all your body cells. Diabetes mellitus causes the pancreas to fail to produce enough insulin to regulate blood glucose, a form of sugar.

There are two types of diabetes mellitus. Type I occurs mainly in young people and the pancreas produce little or no insulin. Type II occurs mostly in people over 40 and the insulin-producing cells in your pancreas function, but the output of insulin is inadequate for your body's needs. People who have this form usually eat too much, are overweight, or have a genetic predisposition.

Diabetes is a very serious disease if not treated promptly and adequately. It can affect just about any system in the body. The most serious complication of diabetes is disease of the blood vessels. The mortality rate also can increase after age 65, due mainly to the risk of coronary artery disease, stroke or progressive kidney disease.

The first vessels which are most commonly affected are those in the legs. If the disease is allowed to progress long enough, the lower limbs can develop gangrene and the patient can lose a toe, foot or leg, depending on the severity of the occlusion of the vessels. The eyes can become affected too, resulting in diabetic retinopathy and even blindness.

Diabetes can also affect the nervous system and cause tingling and numbness in the limbs. There can also be other symptoms such as rashes and/or itching, along with fatigue, weakness and impotence.

What determines if you have diabetes mellitus and how is it treated? Your doctor will probably test your urine sample for glucose and ketones (a poisonous substance which appears when your body, unable to burn glucose because of the lack of insulin, uses fat as a substitute to provide energy). If both are present, you have diabetes. If only glucose is present, your doctor will sample your blood after you have fasted for 8 to 12 hours. This is done because it is possible to have some glucose in your urine without being diabetic. If your fasting blood sugar level is 70 to 100 mg, you're normal. If it is 100 to 140 mg, you're borderline and your doctor may treat you with proper diet and suggest that you improve your life style with exercise. If your blood sugar level is over 140 mg, however, your doctor will probably diagnose you as being diabetic and treat you with either oral medication or insulin injections. Each patient is different, however, and must be treated individually.

Evidence is growing that the serious complications of diabetes seem to be less common in those people who keep their diabetes under control, that is, who keep the amount of sugar in their blood close to the values in the blood of non-diabetic people. With proper treatment—diet, exercise and medication—you can live a long and healthful life. □

NEWSFRONT

[Editor's Note: The following is a reprint of a news item from London's DAILY MIRROR, January 31, 1990.]

ROYAL CHARITY BOSS KILLS HIMSELF IN PORN SHAME

A senior boss of a charity backed by Princess Di has killed himself after being uncovered as a member of a gay sex ring, it was disclosed last night. Robin Drew, chief press officer to Help The Aged, which has the Princess as its patron, took a drug overdose at his home after a Customs raid found hard-core porn material in his bedroom. And officers who took part in the raid say his particular perversion involved older men.

Drew, a 46-year-old bachelor, met the Princess more than six times when she paid official visits to the charity's London headquarters. "He was very proud of his association with the Princess," Help The Aged said last night. But his colleagues knew nothing of his involvement with a ring of perverts based in Holland called the SCAT Club.

OBSCENE

His secret was discovered after Customs men intercepted a package at the London Overseas Mail Office posted in Amsterdam for an address in the capital. When they opened it they found an obscene video and a list of 50 SCAT Club members. Officers launched raids on the homes of eight members thought to be ringleaders. One was Drew. When they broke into his house two weeks ago, he was visiting friends in San Francisco.

A senior Customs officer said: "We found a number of obscene articles of a particularly nasty kind. We believe that Mr. Drew was told about the raid while in America by one of his friends in Britain. We were told later that he twice tried to kill himself in San Francisco before flying back to London." A Scotland Yard spokesman said Drew was pronounced dead less than an hour after he was found slumped in his flat.

A Help The Aged spokesman said yesterday: "Mr. Drew was chief press officer for four years and was very good at his job. He was a very nice man and will be missed."

An inquest was adjourned at Southwark Coroner's Court to await the results of tests for drugs in his blood. Doctors believe that he took an overdose of aspirin or similar tablets.

Following the raids, a number of men were charged with attempting to import obscene material into Britain. □

KENN RICHIE

"Freedom of speech does not give one the right to shout 'Fire!' in a crowded theatre." But what if the theatre is on fire?

The front page of the February 20th issue of UPDATE (San Diego based gay newspaper), provided a somber question of right and wrong. The headline story at the left blasted a police union newsletter for publishing anti-gay remarks. The lead story on the right heralded an artist's protest against censorship. While both reports displayed UPDATE's concern for facts, the feelings of even the best reporters cannot be totally hidden. Neither Fred Scholl's piece on the infuriating police newsletter, nor Pat Burke's story on artist activists reached for a soap box (to the credit of both), but there was little question as to *whose side we're on.*

Whose indeed? The very fact that the two stories appeared on the same page suggests, to me, that UPDATE was asking that question of its readers. Would we storm the Bastille of a union newsletter, crying, "Stop the presses!" then scurry across town to march for freedom from censorship? Where does one draw the line?

The newsletter (called *The Informant*) insults were offensive indeed. Moreover, their circulation to San Diego police officers clearly suggests support and encouragement for anti-gay expressions and actions. "Go forth to protect and to serve, but it's okay to hassle gays."

The offensive remarks appeared in a regular humor column. They were framed as "New Decade Predictions," and were even labeled to be "revelations that came while under the influence of consuming Wild Turkey." The form of *satire* was clearly announced. Satire is a vital and valid form of expression. This IS a matter of free press and free speech, like it or not.

Meanwhile, the "Coalition for Freedom of Expression," as reported on the opposite side of the UPDATE page, was busy demonstrating to call attention to the constant dangers and threats from fundamentalist groups to those very freedoms. The ongoing *direct* attempts to introduce new laws of censorship only lead the parade of additional attacks, such as pressuring galleries to deny "unfavorable" artists, threatening donors of grants to "questionable" projects, and, indeed, threatening businesses which might like to buy ads in a magazine such as this! There is a virtual dust storm of bits and pieces of our rights being constantly chipped at by pressure groups, politicians and self-proclaimed moral guardians who seek to curb and control our ability to think for ourselves. If any of us are unaware of the importance of maintaining a constant guard against censorship, the Coalition is to be thanked for the reminder!

Still, are we justified to wear the shoe on another foot? Where does one draw the line? If pro-censorship forces scream of the dangers of the exploitation of children, is it not equally valid for us to bellow when a police union newsletter urges its readers to hate a segment of the community? Does it depend on whose side we're on?

Shall we measure by potential harm? Indeed, there ARE child molesters in that mysterious "out there" who might feel their urges are supported by, or even inspired by, child pornography. Not everyone who viewed such materials would molest a child. There may well BE a San Diego police officer who'll feel his union would smile in approval if he bashed a gay skull. Not every man on the force will look for gays to hassle because he read a humor column in his union newsletter.

Censorship, I believe, is not the answer on either side. Silencing voices because they offend, frighten or even advocate socially unacceptable behavior cannot be justified when weighed against the potential nightmare of a mind-controlling society.

We have laws—good laws—guarding us from child molestation and police harassment. We don't need laws to guard us from hearing or reading of such evils. Communication is not the root cause of evil; ignorance is. In regard to the offensive newsletter, one might consider a valid case of conspiracy, incitement or such against the publication with the next incident of harassment of gays from its readership. If we elect to follow the path of the pro-censorship forces and find devious ways to curb those who say things we don't care for, we might follow some of the tactics they've invented!

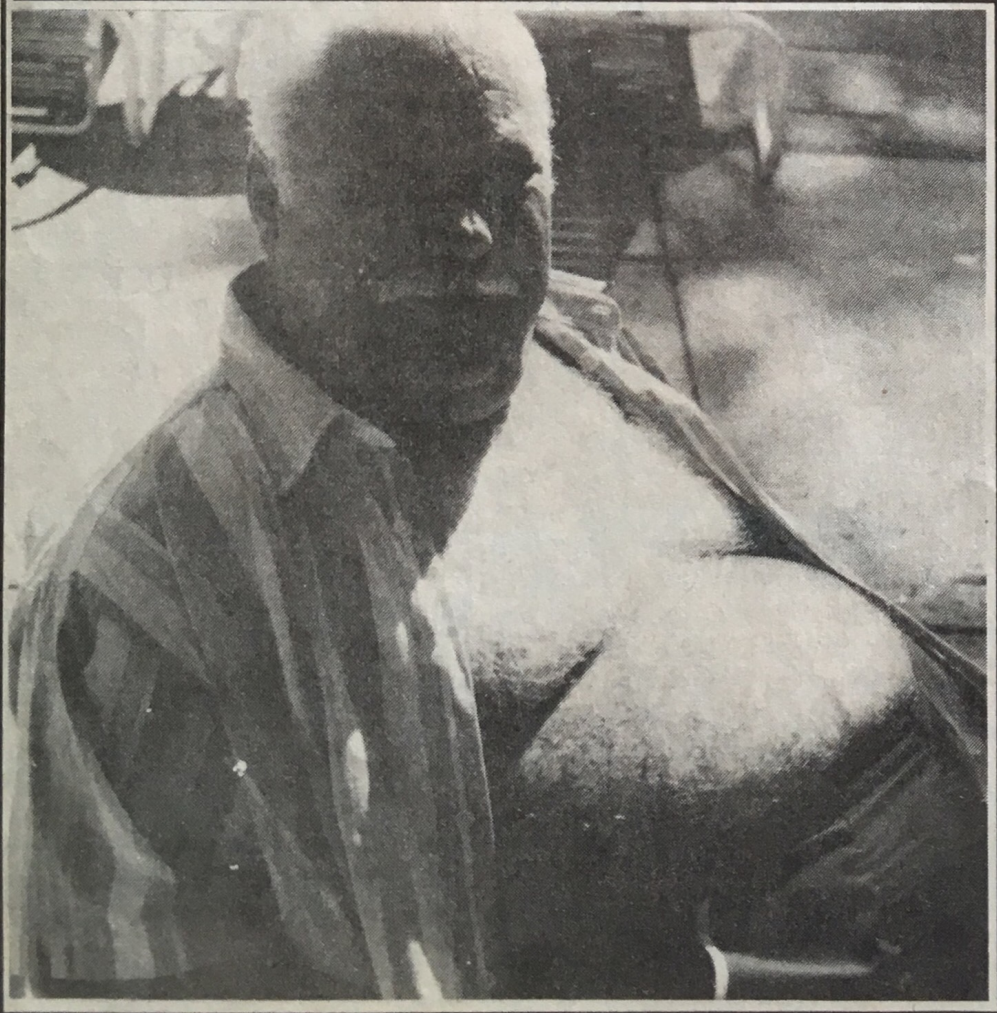
The Supreme Court decision in the case of Falwell vs Flint comes to mind. Hailed as a major victory by the pro-censorship forces, Rev. Jerry Falwell successfully sued publisher Larry Flint for publication of an offensive story, even when the piece was clearly labeled as satire. The precedent was set; another chip of marble flies off into dust. I wonder if "The Informant" is aware that the freedom of the press is no longer as strong as once it was? Falwell won on "defamation of character," so why shouldn't a San Diego gay man win on "conspiracy to assault?"

As long as we draw lines at all, the dust storms will continue. Indeed, the notion of permitting open displays of the depths of man's imagination can be chilling. The concept of destroying his imagination, however, may be far more frightening.

But then, where do you draw the line? Whose side are you on? ☐

BIG MEN

FATHER BEAR . . . photo by OLAN MILLS



MAGIC . . . photo by SIMBA

THE CRUISE . . . a fictionalized true story by HAWFINCH

I stood by the rail on the sun deck, watching a stream of coloured balloons drift over the docks and the city like plump birds sailing with the wind. The ship's sirens were going full blast and paper streamers thrown by the passengers floated over the sides of the ship. It was the departure on a Saturday afternoon of another RSVP cruise from San Diego, and 700 gays were proudly celebrating the start of a week long visit to Mexico. Despite the euphoria which surrounded me, I was beginning to wonder whether I had made a wise decision in joining the cruise. After all a 70-year-old Canadian is not a typical RSVP client. I had recently decided on the cruise as part of my travel programme celebrating my 70th year. So far I'd visited my sister in South Africa, the first time we had seen each other in 40 years. I'd been to London at Christmas time and indulged in a wealth of glorious Christmas music, some of the finest in the world. I made my first visit to Mardi Gras in New Orleans and loved every minute of it. And now I was taking my first cruise. And what more natural than to join a gay cruise? Unfortunately, my late decision had given me no time to find a friend to accompany me. I had elected to share a cabin and knew my companion would be a non-smoker, but nothing more.

My first doubts started on the dockside when I was queuing for my dinner seating. In front of me was a group of four young men, carrying with them large garbage bags as well as their shoulder bags. I was trying to guess what could be in the bags when something one of them said suggested it might be dresses and accoutrements for the Fancy Dress Ball. I had nothing in my baggage to wear to such an event and I wondered whether I would be an odd man out.

Once on board I found my way to my cabin on the upper deck,

a comfortable, large cabin with a bed on either side, plenty of cupboard and bureau space, and a large bathroom. My companion's bags were with mine outside in the passage, but he apparently had not arrived. I took a peek at his label and found that I was rooming with Peter from Smith Falls, Oregon. The luggage gave no hint of his age, and I silently prayed for a mature companion. Rejection becomes a fact of life for senior gays and, although the company of my young lover protected me in my daily living, there were many times on holiday trips when I had to accept the fact that most younger gays are not interested in, or tolerant of, 70-year-old men. David, my lover, and I had developed a healthy open relationship which had helped to cement a strong ten year companionship and we both did what we could to find new gay friends on our travels. So far we had been lucky. What would this trip produce?

After the sailing I went down to the cabin to finish my unpacking and was disappointed to find that Peter was a good looking, trim 30-year-old of medium height with a pleasant smile. He wasn't a clone, however. If anything, he was a country boy and quite shy. We exchanged names and I asked him from where he hailed.

"Smith Falls, Oregon," he said, confirming what I already knew.

"I'm from Edmonton, Canada," I said.

"Oh!" said he.

And there the conversation stuck. While he finished his unpacking, I lay on my bed and tried to get him to talk. It was hard. I found that he was a school teacher, using his Easter break to come on the cruise. No, he'd never been on one before. He was on second dinner sitting; I was on first. No, he didn't have any friends on board. No, he didn't live with anyone. In Smith Falls it's not wise to be openly gay, especially if one is a school teacher. And that was the only gratuitous information he offered. I gave up and went exploring the ship.

At dinner that night I met my table companions; a more delightful group, I could not have hoped for. I was the only senior, the other nine all under 40, but what a great bunch of guys! Four of them were the lads in front of me in the dock-side queue and they confirmed that their garbage bags had contained their fancy dress costumes. Jack, the leader of the group and a handsome, bearded, muscular 35-year-old, was a mail driver by occupation and, surprisingly, a needleman in his leisure time. He had created and sewn all the costumes they had brought with them. The conversation was openly gay, funny and sexual without being crude. As the intimacy strengthened, the personal stories became more explicit and fascinating. We

told about our first male sex experiences, about sex with women, about our favourite sex fantasies, about the greatest orgasms we'd ever had, about group sex, and on and on. Each time we started a new subject, we would go around the table, inviting everyone to contribute. After some initial hesitation, everyone joined in. Sometimes the subject would turn serious—friends with AIDS or gay politics—but not for long. It was an hour and a half of intimate conversation, accompanied by a dinner of several courses, fine food, fine wine and excellent service. We were the last to leave the dining room.

On Sunday we continued our tranquil passage down the Mexican coast in brilliant sunshine and a millpond sea towards our first port of call. It was a day of relaxation for everyone on board, including sun-bathing; joining pool games and other entertainments; getting to know new friends; and endless food and drink.

Sit-down breakfast and lunch were served in the dining room; buffet style meals were available in the lounge behind the sports deck. With morning bouillon, afternoon tea, the evening dinner and the late night buffet, there was food available all throughout the day and late into the night.

I met a sun-bathing group of four seniors—one a CR subscriber—from Chicago. They adopted me as a fifth member of their group and were delightful companions. They certainly did their best to make me feel like one of them, but it didn't change the fact that they were two couples and I was the loner. And none of them made a pass at me—more's the pity. I resigned myself to a celibate week.

I saw very little of Peter. We obviously worked on different clocks. At night I was in bed and asleep before Peter came to bed, and in the morning I was up and dressing while Peter slept on. I saw him occasionally at one of the bars and we exchanged a few words. He had apparently made a few contacts, but hadn't found a particular friend or group. However, he seemed to be enjoying himself.

Midday Monday we docked at Cabo San Lucas, where we had the choice of a beach party or a bus tour of the town. Although my friends opted for the beach party, I decided I would take the tour. It was a disappointment. Cabo San Lucas is a new development and there is little to see of interest. I was saved from boredom by my bus companion, a lesbian from Toronto and an amusing and interesting girl. I think we were both glad to find ourselves with a compatible companion and we managed to cover many topics of conversation in the three hours we spent together.

On Tuesday, the world changed for me. It must have been around 7 a.m. when Peter got out of bed to go to the bathroom. I was dozing and cocked an eye at him as he climbed out of his bed. What a gorgeous cock he had! And piss-hard! I became wide awake. As he came out of the bathroom, his cock was at half-mast. I murmured, "That's a lovely weapon you've got."

He turned and smiled. "I thought you'd never notice me."

"Come over here," I said.

"I've been waiting for that invitation ever since Saturday."

I could hardly believe my ears. Was he really an oldie-lover? As he stood by my bed, I gently caressed his cock and balls, nuzzling in his bush. His cock quickly stood erect and I took it into my mouth. It was a sturdy eight inches and more than I could take, even without my dentures. But judging from his quiet moans I was pleasuring him well. "Let's start from the beginning," I said, moving over.

He came into my arms, a wonderful, warm bundle of young manhood. We began a slow, sensuous love-making, deep-kissing with our tongues exploring each other, our hands roving over our bodies, our torsos twisting and turning as our passion increased, our cocks grinding together against our bellies. I cupped his buns and felt the firm flesh quiver and pulsate. I stole a finger into his asshole and, glory be, met no resistance. He gently pinched my hard tits and I murmured, "Harder, harder." But he was too gentle to bring out the pain I so enjoyed. That would come later.

After a while I broke off and got him to talk. Was he really a lover of older men?

"Oh, yes!" he said. "Ever since I realised in my teens that I was gay, I've always been attracted to older men—men sixty or over. White-haired guys with slim figures, smiling faces, grey hair, hairy chest, large, soft cocks and balls. I love 'em. But I don't get much chance to be with them. As you know I'm not a good mixer and, being a teacher—and a teacher of senior grades—I have to be seen as straight, or I'll be in trouble. At home I've a few gay friends my age—all of them teachers—but we're all scared shitless that if there's ever a suspicion we're gay, we'll be framed by some young punk who wants to revenge himself for a bad mark, or just out of pure spite. So any sex with older gays is completely anonymous, you know. The usual fumblings in a fleapit movie house—that's where I had my first encounter—or the occasional quickie in the bushes in a cruisy park area. But that's dangerous and I try to stay away. The only time I really get to make love to an older man in when I'm on vacation. And most of my experiences have been in Europe—London, Paris, Amsterdam. How I love those cities!"

It was a sad (but not unusual) story, and I found it hard to find comforting words which wouldn't sound trite. So I wrapped my arms around him and started again to make love to him. As we warmed to each other's passion, our sex became more intense and active. We sixty-nined, sucking

and tonguing each other with loud, slurping noises. We fucked in several different positions, both of us securely condomed and lubricated. Eventually we climaxed and fell into each other's arms, grinning like two fat cats after a surprise surfeit of rich cream. It was a wonderful, wonderful feeling as we lay there, not wanting to stir. After a while we reluctantly staggered into the shower together, resisting the temptation to start all over again under the running water. We towelled and dressed and went off to a hearty buffet breakfast.

While we were discovering each other in bed, the ship had anchored in Mazatlan harbour. By the time we finished breakfast, the tenders had finished their ferry trips to the docks, but we didn't care. We were happy to spend the day in each other's company, sunbathing, eating and drinking, getting to know each other. Peter told me about his early years on an Oregon farm in a strongly religious family and community; of a distant, taciturn father and a doting mother; of his efforts to rid himself of the demon sex and the habit of daily masturbation; of his love of teaching; of the loneliness of his life without a lover. I told him about my teenage struggles with sex as the youngest son in a Baptist minister's family; of my escape in marriage in my early 30s, fortunately to a loving and understanding wife; of the double life I led as a married businessman; of the traumatic experiences of psychiatric treatment when I tried to get rid of my homosexual habits; of my later happy years as a professor in a small university; and my new life as a retired gay widower, living with David. Peter found it hard to understand our open relationship, but thought it wonderful that David was completely accepted as part of my family.

For the remaining few days, we were together all the time. We toured Puerto Vallarta, wandering around the town, holding hands like a pair of honeymooners. We played bingo in the afternoons and won nothing. We listened to our favourite chanteuse in the cocktail bar before dinner. After the evening show, we usually played the machines in the casino, vying with each other to see how long five dollars worth of quarters would last. And we ended our day with a walk around the deck in the quiet moonlight before retiring to our cabin for a late night love session.

On Wednesday we went as observers to the Masquerade Ball and enjoyed it immensely. The variety of costumes paraded on stage showed an amazingly wide range of talent and ingenuity, and the judging went on for nearly two hours. My dinner friends paraded as a female foursome in attractive, matching dresses. They got good applause, but no prize. But they shone the next day at the bingo game when they turned up as Grannie and her three daughters to play bingo.

On Thursday we started our return journey to San Diego. It was a day of fun and relaxation, culminating in the Captain's Gala Farewell Dinner with a marvellous spread capped by a flamboyant dessert brought on by the waiters carrying their trays high in procession. Peter and I finished the day by watching the midnight showing of the film *Maurice*, a wonderful evocation of gay life in England as I had known it is my young days. Friday was our last day on board, a day for partying, for exchanging addresses, for last drinks with my Chicago friends. The final bingo session was a rich one but, again, no luck for us. And the final dinner was sentimental. I was sorry to part company with my dinner friends and we all vowed to keep in touch, maybe on another cruise. I was surprised to find that it was the second RSVP cruise for Jack's quartet and they had already signed up for the 1990 cruise.

On Saturday morning the ship docked at 8 a.m. and we were off and through Customs and Immigration by 11:30 a.m. Peter was driving back to Oregon, but asked if he could come with me to my hotel to say good-bye. I was only too glad to have him with me for the few extra hours. We spent the afternoon in bed and made the usual protestations of love and affection, vowing to keep in touch and see each other as often as we can. He started on his homeward journey in the early evening and I was left to sort out my own thoughts and feelings. Next day I returned to my lover in Canada and to sanity and normality. I hope that Peter and I will remain close friends, but I realise that it was an experience which would most likely never be repeated in my lifetime. However, there is always hope.

As my young lover said when he heard my story: "You're a born cruiser and you'll never stop. It's what keeps you young."

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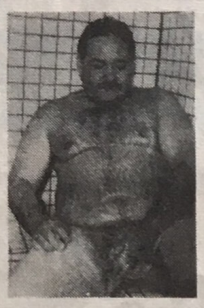

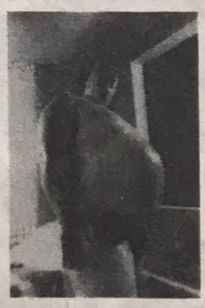

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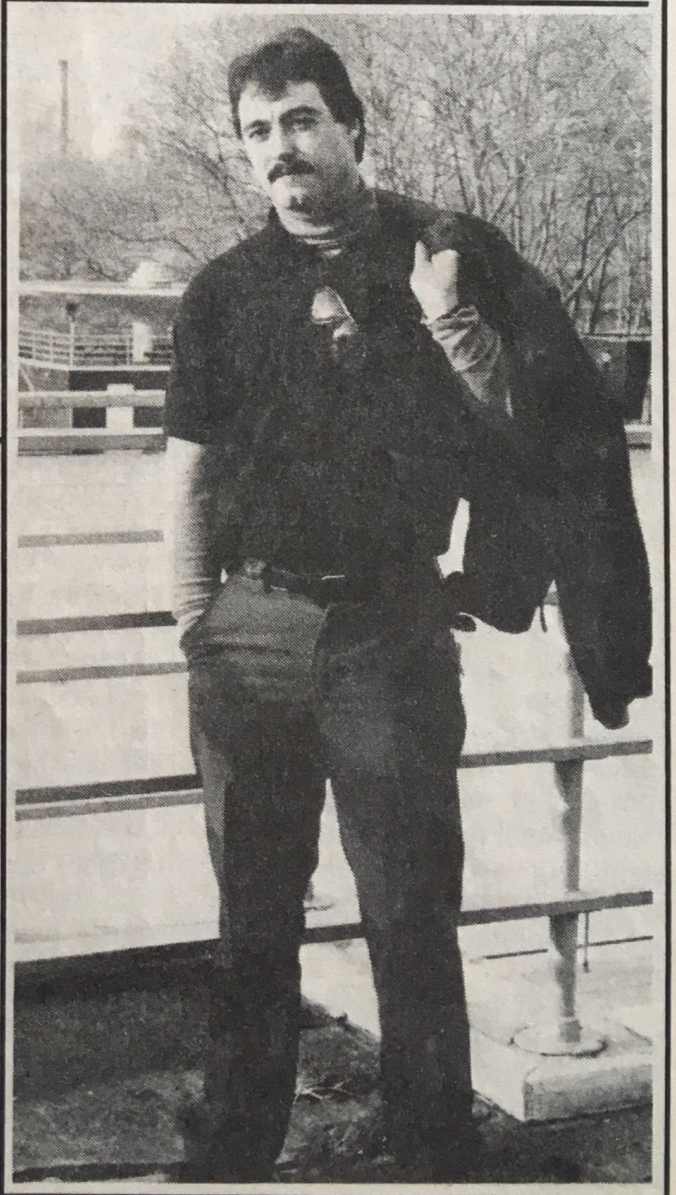
SCOTT PHILLIPS . . .
photo by REED SCOTT



CYGNUS . . . photo by J.T.D.

DON'T LOOK BACK . . . by JASON P. WILLIAMS

I'm 53 years old and that's the truth.

Well, enough about me. When our illustrious editor suggested I might like to become a regular contributor to CR and write a column covering the chubby and chaser scene, "or any other goddamned thing I wanted to," I was rather insulted. After all, I've been represented in almost every issue anyway for the last three years in one way or another. And even when I did miss an issue or two I favored him with a blistering personal letter just to keep him in line.

He's probably offering me the space just to get me off his back. But enough about him.

I mentioned my age at the top of the column to prove I'm qualified to get my own byline. Fifty-three qualifies me as at least a *young* geezer (my dictionary defines "geezer" as an eccentric, odd, *queer* man. Isn't that a hoot?). Usually I lie about my age by ten years (any more or less makes the math complicated). I was told once that I could get away with it and, of course, immediately grasped at that straw, nebulous as it is. I only lie in my professional life, however, not in my personal life. If my boss knew I was 12 years older than he, rather than two, I'm sure it would make a difference in our relationship (the accounting department—and our insurance company—know the truth if they ever thought to look it up). If the truth be known, I'm *proud* to have made it to 53. I've said it more than once: if I dropped dead tomorrow, I've had a pretty good run. Everything from now on is gravy, and I'm grateful for it.

But I digress. Our editor is snuggling up to me because I'm a chubby chaser and active in my local big man's club (and a member of two others) and he feels I can fairly represent, and report on, this scene. Our editor, wanting to be all things to all men, feels badly about the way all disenfranchised gay men are treated. His first concern, of course, has been the older gay male, hence his founding of *CHIRON RISING* and its predecessor, *SWAN*. The next logical step is to reach out to the chubby man and the men who are their admirers. This is logical in Pat's mind (and mine) because after a certain age, men tend to lose, what should we call it, their resiliency and it gets very, very tough to prevent the spreading of the mid section, the thickening of the thighs, and the general broadening of one's general, um, outlook. It's metabolism doing its diabolical work, dear hearts, and nothing to be ashamed of. Suffering the slings and arrows of ageism (now there's a diabolical word) ain't enough, doncha know. Many of us suffer its equivalent with, what should we call it, *overweightism?* In any case, it's a no-no within the mainstream gay community. Too old? Too fat? Stay out of *my* bar!

If you've been paying attention to the ads in CR you've noticed many for the big men's clubs throughout the U.S. Up until the arrangement was discontinued this issue, these ads cost the individual clubs nothing but a reciprocal ad for CR in their newsletters. Two guesses who got the better deal. The combined membership of all the clubs numbers a little over 1,000, a mere bag of shells compared to the readership of CR, not to mention the current surge of international interest CR is now receiving.

I think the second reason Pat asked me to write this column is that he likes my filthy stories. Well, at least the man has *some* taste.

Anyway, my job will be to keep you largely abreast of any heavy doings in and out of the chubby and chaser bigger-than-life world. Or anything else I goddamn well please.

******

Isn't that neat? Asterisk, asterisk, asterisk, just like a real columnist.

The hottest chubby news at the moment is, of course, the national convention of the Affiliated Bigmen's Clubs (ABC) that will be held in Chicago over the Labor Day weekend. If you act quickly and register for "Convergence '90" before the end of June, you can save 25 big ones. Send your check for $160 to Convergence '90, c/o Girth & Mirth Chicago, P.O. Box 14384, Chicago, IL 60614 and/or call (312) 776-9223 for information. After June 30, the registration fee jumps to $185, so be guided accordingly. You also might consider making your hotel reservations now too. The Convergence Committee has arranged a terrific $75 per night (both single and double) rate for

the duration of the convention. You should call Holiday Inn's City Center at (312) 787-6100 and tell them you want the Convergence '90 special rate. Then, of course, you've got to get yourself to Chicago. Early air fare reservations and purchase can save you a bundle. Or you can walk. I figure if you start now, early June, you can get there from practically any place on the continent on foot.

Due to the early deadline of CHIRON RISING (mid-April for this issue), I'm unable to give you much detail about what to expect at Convergence '90, other than a guarantee of a great time. I'm sure the Convergence Committee has some terrific things up its collective sleeve, including a Sunday evening on the cruise ship "The Spirit of Chicago," but more details have not trickled down to me despite my bugging them about it. Maybe they are just being cagey.

******

Got some terrific literature and vibes from the newest kid on the block, Girth & Mirth of Philadelphia. They are gingerly feeling their way into being a well-balanced, well-organized group with the right idea about what a G & M club should be. Write to them at P.O. Box 512, Feasterville, PA 19047-0905.

I also got a nice letter from David Stein, who is trying to get something started in South Florida with the Chubbies & Chasers Club, P.O. Box 6484, Delray Beach, FL 33484. Mostly a discussion group so far, C & CC would be glad to hear from you South Floridians with a willingness to get things started.

The Golden Gate Connection in San Francisco inundated me with literature. They celebrated their first anniversary in May and seem to be going great guns. I had the pleasure of meeting a number of the GGCers at Convergence '89 in Los Angeles. They're determined to give G & M-New York a run for their money. Golden Gate Connection, P.O. Box 2328, Daly City, CA 94017-2328 for information. ▭

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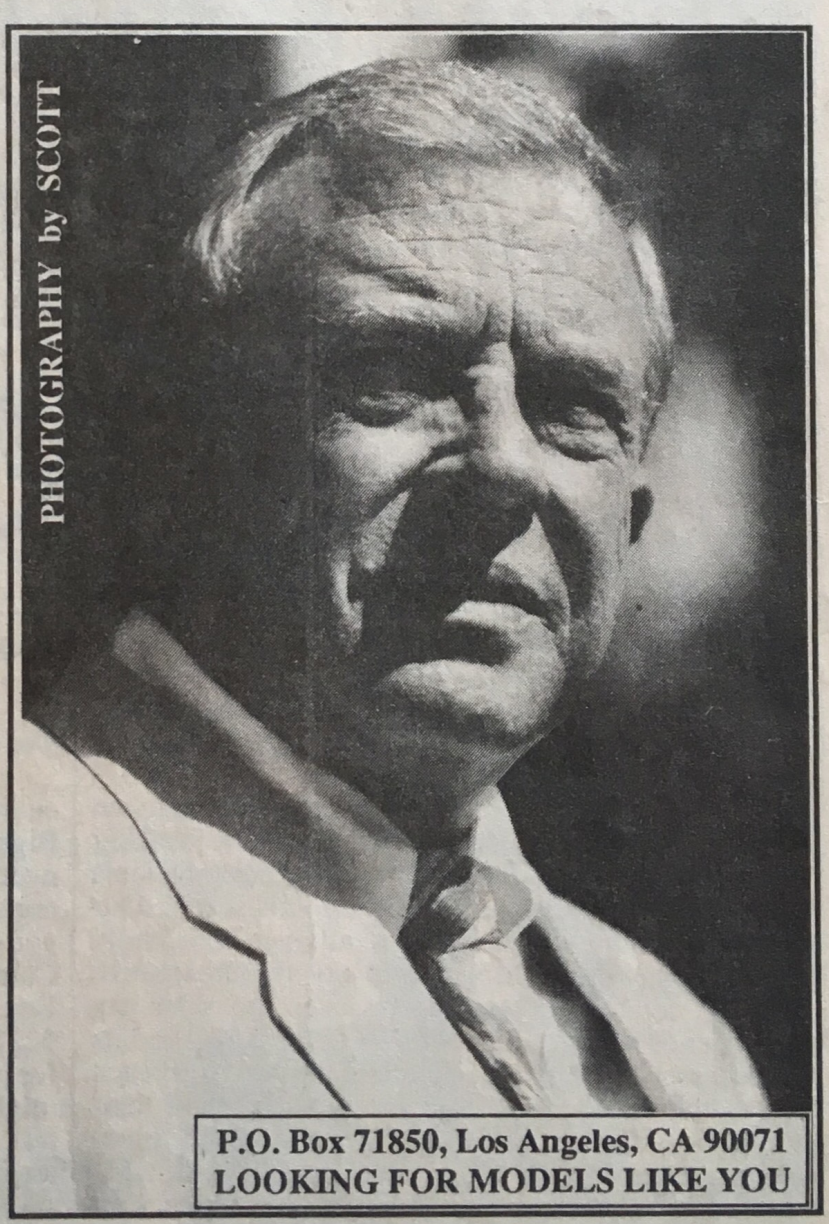
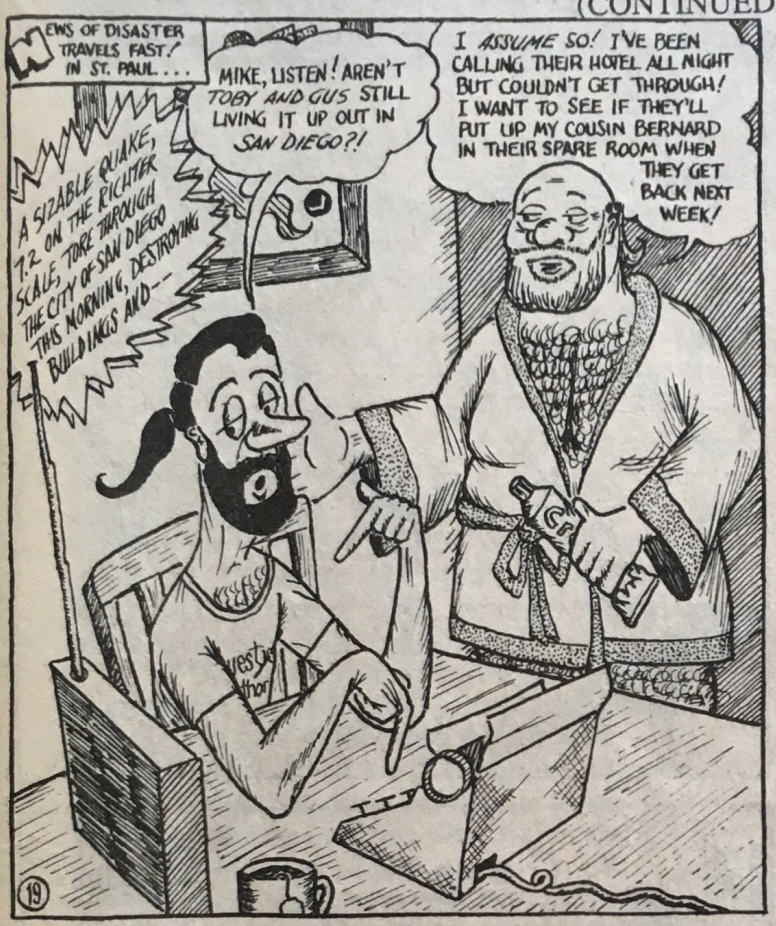


GOLDEN GOODIES

BY QUETZAL

(CONTINUED FROM FEBRUARY 90 ISSUE)


NEWS OF DISASTER TRAVELS FAST! IN ST. PAUL...
A SIZABLE QUAKE, 7.2 ON THE RICHTER SCALE, TORE THROUGH THE CITY OF SAN DIEGO THIS MORNING, DESTROYING BUILDINGS AND--
MIKE, LISTEN! AREN'T TOBY AND GUS STILL LIVING IT UP OUT IN SAN DIEGO?!
I ASSUME SO! I'VE BEEN CALLING THEIR HOTEL ALL NIGHT BUT COULDN'T GET THROUGH! I WANT TO SEE IF THEY'LL PUT UP MY COUSIN BERNARD IN THEIR SPARE ROOM WHEN THEY GET BACK NEXT WEEK!
19

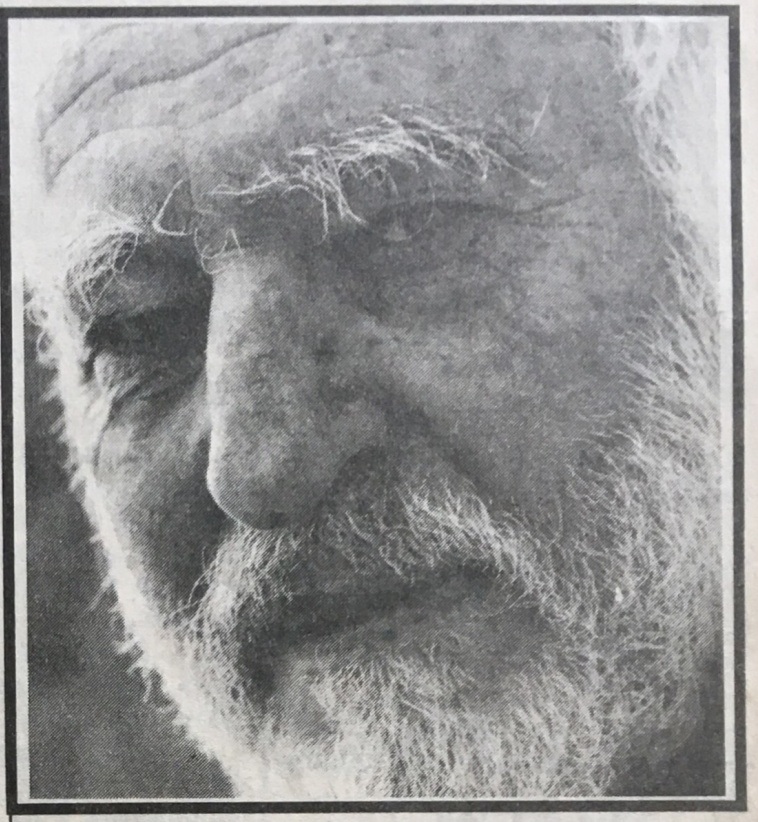
WHILE AT THE SCENE OF THE CATASTROPHE...
TAKE IT EASY, NED! YOU'RE GONNA BE ALL RIGHT!
"ALL RIGHT"? WHAT'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT, TOBY? IT'S OUR HOME... JOEY DESIGNED IT... WE SUNK OUR SAVINGS INTO IT... AND NOW IT'S RUBBLE! I SAY, SHIT!
YOU HAVE YOUR LIFE, YOUR HEALTH... THOSE ARE THE IMPORTANT THINGS!

RESTORE THIS MESS?! YOU GOTTA BE JOKING, JOEY! WHERE'RE WE SUPPOSED TO SLEEP? THE WHOLE SECOND FLOOR'S A DISASTER AREA!
YOU CAN SLEEP WITH US, NED-- RIGHT, GUS?
DRUMMERS
THE KIWI DIET
AEROBIC WALKING
POWERLIFTING
POSING
MUSCLE SECRETS
MASSIVE BICEPS
20

US?! YOU FORGETTING SOMETHING, TOBY? LIKE... YOUR ADDRESS?!
I'M SUGGESTING NED FLY BACK TO MINNESOTA WITH US, GUS! HE NEEDS TIME TO GET HIMSELF TOGETHER! HE CAN STAY IN OUR SPARE BEDROOM!
TOBY, NO! I CAN'T LEAVE THIS HOUSE!

CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE

THE SHOP IN THE PIAZZA
Fiction by JOSEPH BEN-DAVID



The taxi dropped me off at Rome's American Express office in the *Piazza di Spagna*. My bus, the bus to the port of embarkation—Naples—was parked out front. It was being hosed down and readied for the afternoon run. I was early.

"The *autobus* is not leave before another one hour thirty minute, *signore*," said the driver. He snuffed his cigarette and cached the butt behind his ear. "For smoke later," he explained. He relieved me of the heavy bags I was carrying, ticketed them, and stowed them carefully in the baggage compartment underneath the bus. "*Ecco, signore*," he said, handing me the ticket stubs. "We will have you to your ship, *Biancamano*, in time for the dinner. The ship, she is sail ten o'clock, the night. Ah, America, maybe some day Roberto—is me—will go there."

I thanked Roberto for his help with the luggage and pressed a 500 lire note—80 cents real money; this was 1949—into his hand.

"*Grazie, grazie mille, signore*," he said, all smiles. "Now you have much time to take coffee; but make sure be back here by twelve-thirty. The bus is leaving on schedule, precise."

The sun was high, the day a scorcher—hot even for August. A bright blue awning with its promise of cool shade drew me to the shop across the piazza.

A bronze cartouche over the shop's doorway bore the engraved legend: ANTICHITA´, Wolfgang von Schwanz-Kopf, S.A.I., prop. On display in the window was an assortment of *objets-d'art*—crockery, glass, paintings—assembled, I speculated, to appeal to the then-catered-to American taste.

One *objet* did appeal to this American's taste: a terra cotta figure of a youth, approximately 10 inches high, possibly Greek 5th century B.C. Though armless and legless, the piece was none-the-less a work of art.

A red-faced man, a laborer in muddled work clothes, hurried from the shop. I stepped aside to let him pass. He was counting a fistful of lire notes. Inside the doorway was another man: a portly, older man—about sixty, I would say—elegantly and expensively gotten together. He was holding in his pudgy hands his latest acquisition: a magnificent, no doubt plundered, Etruscan ewer.

The elderly gent disappeared from the doorway, then returned a few moments later, without the ewer, clapping the dust from his hands. "*Buon giorno, professore*," he called out to me. "Welcome. Enter, please."

Me, professor? Perhaps my tortoise-shell specs . . . . I entered the shop.

After the heat and glare outside, the shop's interior was a pleasant oasis.

"I am Wolfgang . . . . Wolf," the man said cheerily, introducing himself. "Americans address each other by their given names, no?"

No, I wanted to answer. The man's over-friendliness roused my suspicions. I automatically patted my wallet; it was safe. "My name is Alfred Green," I said, smiling diplomatically. "I have a small antique shop in the States: New York."

"*Piacere*, I am happy to make your acquaintance," he said, grabbing my hand and pumping it vigorously. "I love Americans," he bubbled, showing teeth—lots of teeth.

Because we are all so rich, I was tempted to add, but of course, did not. My feeling was that no German had the right to be so cheerful, especially so soon after the war.

Herr von Schwanz-Kopf, Wolf, noticed my sober look, studied my semitic features, and guessed my thoughts.

"I am from Austria," he said.

So was Hitler, I recalled. "Yes . . . lovely country," was my response.

"Everything you see here, *Alfredo*," he said, waving his arms in a sweep that took in the entire shop, "everything is for sale, cheap—cheap for American dollars."

I looked around. A pair of carved alabaster ladies in oh-so-ladylike attitudes—their hands, like

wilted lilies, covering their goodies—stood on malachite pedestals flanking the doorway to the outside. A lute of honey-colored fruitwood, needing only strings to give it voice, lay neglected on a much distressed Recamier chaise lounge. Dozens of leather-bound books, water damaged and growing green mold, were stacked on the floor in a corner. So many relicts, each with a story to tell.

"What is the price of the terra-cotta figure in the window?" I asked.

"Cheap. Everything is cheap for American dollars," Wolf chirped, "but you don't want that, dear Alfredo. It is a fake. Are you interested in *scavi*, excavations?"

"Yes."

"Roman, Etruscan, Greek, Egyptian?" He was baiting the hook.

"Yes, all." I bit.

"I will show you *scavi*, dear friend Alfredo," he said, wagging a finger in my face. "I will show you my treasures."

"Sarino!" he called into an open doorway at the rear of the shop.

"*Si, Pappa*," answered a meek voice from within.

"*Vieni qua*, come mind the shop!" Wolf shouted back; and to me, "Excavations. I will show you excavations."

Shortly, a man—possibly 40, still handsome though somewhat faded—emerged from the back room, wiping black stains from his hands with a scrap of rag. A good and sweet, simple soul shone in his open Italian face.

"*Professore* Green, my son Sarino," said Wolf, tilting his head toward the younger man. "Adopted," he added, in response to my raised eyebrow.

"*Piacere*," said Sarino, bowing slightly from the waist, smiling a smile that must have, at one time, rivaled a Sicilian sunrise.

"Come, *caro* Alfredo," said Wolf, taking my arm and giving it a naughty squeeze. "I will show you my *tesori*—my treasures."

He led me through the doorway at the back of the shop, into a room that served both as Sarino's work room and a storeroom. Wooden bins containing shards of pottery and marble sculpture fragments, retrieved from archaeological digs and awaiting restoration, lined the walls.

At the center of the room on a table, under a light bulb of meagre wattage, stood an array of Etruscan *bucchero* ware in various stages of restoration achieved with the aid of black shoe polish. The open bottle of blacking and the dripping dauber beside it testified to the crime in progress.

I groaned. The patina of 2500 years being blacked out. "How could you?" I asked.

"Americans like them this way: black!" said Wolf, a bit contemptuously, I felt. "New. Everything new!"

At the rear of the workroom was another door—this one locked. Wolf fished a key from his vest pocket, fitted it to the lock, turned it, and the door squeaked open. He reached into the darkened room and flipped a wall switch. The lights blazed on.

"Come, dear friend Alfredo," said Wolf, taking my arm (again, a naughty squeeze). "I will show you my treasures."

Counter-height drawer cabinets, surmounted by ceiling-height vitrines, crowded the room. The shelves of the vitrines were loaded with ancient artifacts of every description—Etruscan bronze figures presaging Giacometti, Egyptian gold and lapis jewelry, Roman glass—all intact, each of museum quality. On its own velvet pillow, under its own spotlight, sat a Roman drinking horn—a rhyton—a masterwork of exquisite workmanship, fashioned of yellow gold in the form of a lion's head. The snarling beast's teeth were of ivory; its eyes: cabochon emeralds. It was a true treasure.

"More. I have more, more treasures," Wolf said excitedly, his voice rising in pitch. "I will show you!" With a heave, he pulled open a cabinet drawer. It was filled with heads, all heads. Some were of marble, some of terra-cotta, some of bronze. Wolf's face was now flushed pink; his breathing, labored. Another heave, another drawer. This, a drawer full of feet: feet of bronze and feet of stone, feet of wood and feet of clay. Wolf was trembling as if stricken with ague. The larger than necessary onyx crucifix dangling from the massive gold chain spanning his massive belly jiggled like the needle of a seismograph during an earth tremor. He pulled out another drawer. "Look, see," he said, standing aside.

I gasped, then stared in silence.

The drawer was filled to its top with phalli: penises of every shape in every size, flaccid and erect, crafted of wood, metal, stone. One huge porphyry penis—of Egyptian origin, I judged—was a textbook case of phimosis. Another, more diminutive and carved of marble—the prepuce drawn over the glans and tied with a fillet—was obviously Greek.

Wolf stood strangely quiet, his eyes fixed on my crotch as a cat watches at a mouse hole, waiting for some sign of life.

Against my conscious will, my itty-bitty became engorged as I hefted a finely modelled bronze penis of heroic size, surrounded at its base by a stylized corona of curly pubes.

When my erection made itself evident, Wolf creaked to his knees in front of me. He scooped his dentures, both uppers and lowers, from his mouth and laid them on the bare tile floor. Then, like a liana strangles a tropic tree, he wrapped an arm tightly around my legs. His free hand clutched his black cross. "Communion, please, I pray you," he blubbered through toothless gums. His toad-like tongue flicked back and forth over my fly.

A real live body with real

blood, not a dry wafer and a swallow of wine, were what this man needed for his communion.

With great difficulty—the old gent was strong—and under tearful protest, I unwound Wolf's arm from my legs.

"Please, please, I beg you," he sobbed, then was quiet.

I could hear the death-buzz of a housefly ensnared in a cobweb near the ceiling. My wrist watch (or was it my heart?) ticked louder and louder. The captive air in that unventilated room reeked of tuberoses, the cloying scent Wolf was wearing.

"Everything is for sale," I heard myself say. Alfred Green—me, nice guy, closet-case from New York, America—had just joined the world's oldest profession.

"The Greek youth. The figure in the window," Wolf offered, "the one you like; I'll give it to you."

"Everything is for sale," I repeated, "but *not* cheap." I turned to the vitrine at my back, slid open the glass door and lifted the gold rhyton from its pillow. "Everything is for sale," I said, sliding a finger slowly, suggestively, in and out of the lion's open mouth.

"No, not my treasure!" screeched Wolf.

I returned the rhyton, carefully, to its pillow.

The old man's pink face was turning grey. He was sweating profusely; a streak of black (hair color restorer? shoeblack?) was making its way down his furrowed forehead.

"*Va bene*, yes, *caro* Alfredo," he said, giving in, beaten.

I had never thought of myself as being that physically desirable. The much-needed boost to my starved ego was immediate. I was elated.

Wolf hobbled over to me on his knees. I unzipped my fly and let him in.

He sucked in my cock like one sucks in a noodle. He was like a shark in a feeding frenzy; I was glad he was toothless. Wolf was good . . . no, great—a master. He lifted me to heaven, then brought me back, landing softly.

"Thank you, Jesus. I love you, Jesus," he murmured as he wiped my penis dry with his tuberose-saturated, paisley-printed, silk hankie.

I zipped up; Herr Wolfgang von Schwanz-Kopf returned his teeth to his mouth.

"Wrap it," said Wolf, handing the rhyton to Sarino, not meeting the younger man's eyes.

"The bill," said Sarino. "Mr. Green will need a bill for customs. How much . . . ?"

"No charge; write 'gift' on the bill, *stupido*," growled Wolf, turning nasty as he returned to real life. "Hurry. Mr. Green is leaving now for Naples; he is sailing tonight," and then he added, out of pure cruelty, "*cretino!*"

Sarino's face flushed red; his eyes flooded. I felt his humiliation.

He wrapped the rhyton first in white tissue paper, then, a few folds of *The Rome Daily American*. He tied the package with a coarse string, leaving a free loop to serve as a carry-handle.

"Thank you, Sarino," I said. He did not look up.

"*Niente*. It is nothing," he said quietly. Poor guy.

I called "Goodbye" to Wolf, who was off with his feather duster, dusting this and that. He heard me but didn't answer.

I left the shop, swinging my trophy by its string. My watch said twelve noon as I re-crossed the piazza. Bells were banging and clanging, answering each other from hill to hill, from tower to tower. I lingered at the base of the Spanish steps to once again—maybe for the last time—admire the picture-postcard view: the flower stalls under square canvas umbrellas, the obelisk at the top of the stairs, the Church of the Trinity.

I looked back at the shop with the blue awning and felt a rush of guilt. It was late; I trotted for the bus.

The other passengers were already aboard.

"You made it, just," said Roberto, as I found my assigned seat and settled in.

The door closed. The engine roared; we were on our way.

We followed the Via Appia south, past olive groves, past flocks of black-faced sheep grazing in fields of sun-burned grass, past crumbling ancient aqueducts and tombs.

At four o'clock we made a rest stop at a tavern perched on a bluff, overlooking the bluest of blue seas. We stretched our legs, had coffees, pastries, whatever, and were again on our way south.

Vesuvius could be seen from way off, its plume of vapor rising to join the gathering evening clouds. After a bit we could see the harbor and our ship at the dock, getting up steam, sending up its own vapor plumes.

The bus let us off at the Maritime Station. I claimed my luggage. A shabby porter, one of many, showed me his badge—number 64—then grabbed my bags. "We go *dogana*, customs," he shouted, to be heard above the hubbub. "Come!"

I hurried after the energetic little man onto the pier and into the customs shed. The precious newspaper-wrapped *gift*, I carried tightly held under one arm.

The porter swung my bags onto a table.

"Your passport, please, sir," the inspector asked politely. He flipped through the little green book I handed him, then turned and picked up the wall phone. I heard him mention my name. "Stay, *signore*, one minute, please," he said.

They had been waiting for me.

An officer, a sturdy specimen in a pea-soup-colored uniform embellished with yellow braid, showed up, seemingly from nowhere. "*Signore* Green, follow me," he said. (I would have followed *him* to the ends of the

earth, yes, indeed!) He told the porter to bring the bags.

The porter and I were led to an enclosed office at the end of the shed. *POLIZIA, Porto di Napoli* was stenciled in black on the glass door. The officer showed us in, then left.

The room was a chaos of clutter. The *Capo*, a kind-faced man, not old but worn, sat at a desk piled high with file folders. He removed a dead cigarette that had stuck to his lip, tossed it on the floor, then stared at me with eyes that had seen everything. "May I have it," he said. This was not a question. There was no doubt what he was demanding.

I handed the rhyton to him.

"Be seated, *Signore* Green," he said, motioning me to a chair. The porter remained standing, taking in the little drama.

With fingers stained yellow by tobacco, the *Capo* unwrapped the package. He removed the rhyton gently from the white tissue. "*Mamma mia!*" escaped his lips. He read the bill. "Gift? You must be very good at what you do, Alfred," he said, not unkindly. He turned his head a moment to gaze at a photograph pinned to the wall: himself, surrounded by his plump offspring and their plump mother. He signed, perhaps with some regret. "We received a telephone call from Rome this afternoon. An intelligence report that the rhyton would be sailing tonight."

Sarino. I knew that it could only have been Sarino. The last straw for him must have been seeing his patrimony walk out the door.

"We were informed, *Signore* Green, that the rhyton was a gift to you as stated on the bill, that you did not steal it. It is a national treasure and, as such, will not be permitted to leave Italy. It was stolen," the Capo continued, "from the *Palazzo Medici* during the war. The thief was identified by our informant and is already in custody." He handed me a deposition, already prepared for me to sign.

I signed.

Thank you, *Signore* Green. You are now free to go." He shook my hand; his smile was warm and fatherly. "Have a safe trip home, Alfred." □

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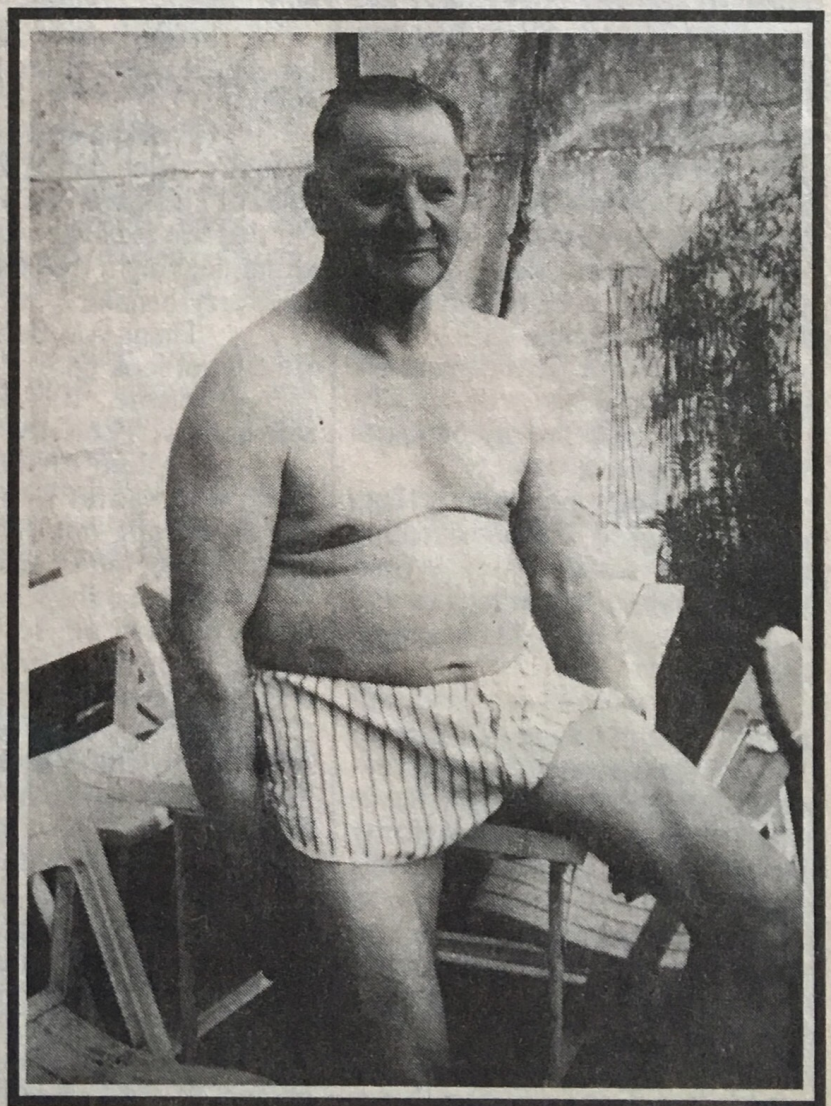
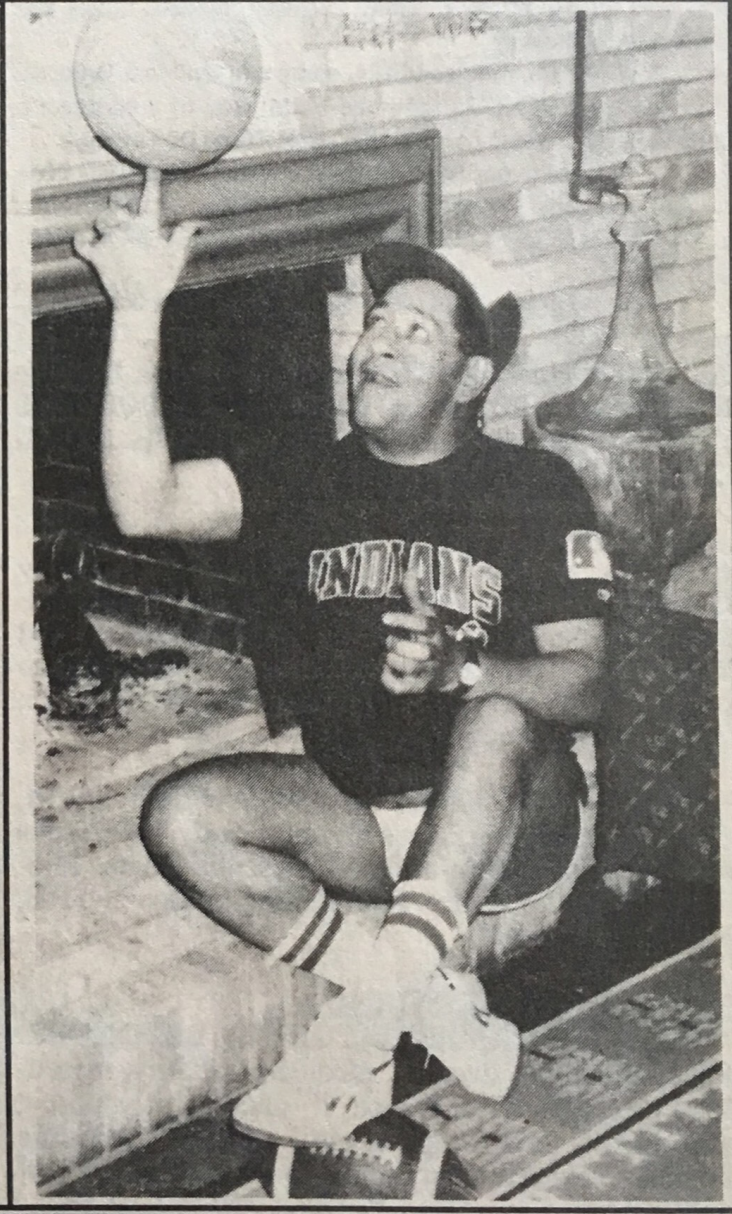


THE GARDENER . . . photo by BERNARD

TEXAS HUNKS

DOUGHBOY . . . photo by STRAC



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(T-8/90) SACRAMENTO COUNTY BEYONDER: F.C. Algonquin, over 70, medically healthy, masculine, affectionate, endowed 7" uncut, fairly horny, nonsmoker. Loves pipe or cigar smoker. Romantic aspects: seeks friend any age, safe sex. Write: **THEOJOS**.

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(M-10/90) SEEK S.F. BAY AREA BUDDY FOR EARLY-RETIRMENT TOGETHERNESS: GWM, 59, 170#, blond, HIV neg., planning early retirement from high-tech profession. Need close buddy to share active, happy life of travel, good home life, nice things, togetherness in most activities, and sharing of life, body, love, good times. Desire non-smoker, light social drinker, no drugs, healthy, caring, honest, together guy. Considering living in Hawaii part time. Write: Don, P.O. Box 2323, Stanford, CA 94309.

(R-8/90) SON SEEKS GRANDPA: GWM, 37, 5'-10", 165#, brown hair, blue eyes, smooth, clean-cut, HIV negative, French A/P, Greek P. Seeks down-to-earth, masculine, dominant, grand-daddy, 70+ (no age limit) for friendship and more. Must be hairy chested. Write: J.R., P.O. Box 421396, San Francisco, CA 94142.

(V-8/90) SAN JOSE/BAY AREA/NATIONWIDE: Attractive Asian male, professional, 42, 5'-8", 155#, no smoke/drugs. Seeks an honest friendship/relationship with clean shaven male. More interested in compatibility and companionship, though other things would play a role. Interests: reading, cooking, traveling, conversation, quiet times at home. Please reply with phone number and photo if possible to: S.V., P.O. Box 70174, Sunnyvale, CA 94086.

(D-6/90) WANTED: BIG DADDY BEAR. Into close man 2 man action, intimacy, pumpin' dicks, tanglin' moustaches, one 2 one friendship and good lovin' fun. I'm a 36-year-old, horny n' handsome, brown-eyed bear, 6'-0" X 6" X 190#, a great kisser, good humor, a warm disposition, HIV + and healthy, employed and successful. Lookin' for a beefy silver bear, 40+ to ?, proud of his cock and hairy body and wants a good solid romantic horny man to share the best with. Photos a must. Yours get mine and all serious answered. Write: Jim, P.O. Box 1951, Mill Valley, CA 94942.

(M-6/90) ACTIVE ORAL SEX WANTED: by HIV negative W/M oral passives. Doug (51) is tall and thin. George (50) is tall and heavy. Regular servicing or lover. Write: George/Doug, P.O. Box 282, Fulton, CA 95439.

(O-6/90) GLORY HOLES? SF area. Do you know a department store, rest stop, public restroom, diner, restaurant or mall with a glory hole? Hunky, 40-year-old, GWM, 6', 195#, broad shoulders, hairy pecs, HIV

What ball in what pocket?
-ABE-

negative, wants to exchange information. Also interested in discreet daytime meeting with stocky gray/balding men, 40-80. Write: **BO**

(B-6/90) SAN FRANCISCO: GWM, 42, 5'-8", 180, bottom, HIV negative, blk/brn, average hung, hairy, looking for mature top men, any size or weight. Am very oral, both front and rear. Not camera shy. Looking for friendship/relationship. Photo appreciated and returned. Write: B.B., P.O. Box 4065, San Francisco, CA 94101.

(S-8/90) BEARDED DADDY: Vallejo/North Bay Area. It's been too long since this silver haired, 43, 6', 280#, HIV negative, GWM, had a manfriend. I'm looking for someone 25-40 years old, emotionally and financially stable, curious about life's deeper meaning, and more top than bottom but versatile. I find small built, furry, Northern Mediterranean/Jewish men with BIG equipment, especially attractive but like other "types" too. No alcohol, cig-smoke or drugs—medicine-smoke a must. Above all you must be prepared to have a fun, sharing, caring, honest, adult, man to man relationship. Write: Michael, 263 Lexington, San Francisco, CA 94110.

(H-8/90) INTERNATIONAL—WHERE'S PAPA? WM, 38, 160#, Harley rider, outdoorsman, elegant dresser, great chef, gardener and much more. Seeks stocky, salt and pepper, hairy chested, non-smoking gentlemen over 60 for correspondence/friendship/visits/? Write with photo to: **THE TRAVELER**

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(M-12/90) SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: Eager and friendly, 90% top, wants welcoming passive with own home, over 40, non-promiscuous, HIV negative for regular get-it-ons. Shorter, hairy are plusses. SFV, Glendale are extra plusses. I am 58, 6 ft, 205, brown & blue, hairy and strong. HIV negative. Write: D.E., Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510.

(S-6/90) ORANGE COUNTY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 62, 5'-7", 180#, gray hair/beard, ex-professional athlete, seeks a real top, any age/race for friendship and more. I'm pretty basic—not much into gourmet cooking and the arts, but I appreciate those who are. Write: **DARRYL.**

(B-6/90) RELATIONSHIP ORIENTATED/NATIONWIDE: Attractive, masculine GWM, 6', 160#, brown/brown, moustache, HIV negative, 61 (looks younger), straight acting, cultured, domestic, sexually versatile, seeks white, tall, lean, literate, very masculine, well hung, authoritative gentleman over 60. Retired career military, epicure are pluses. Happy to relocate with right person. Write: Buckalew, 10622 Frances Ave., Garden Grove, CA 92643.

(B-10/90) SAN FERNANDO VALLEY SON, CALL YOUR DAD! Don't you think it's about time we messed around and spent some time together....eh, dude? Call: George (50, 5'-9", 210#) - (818) 881-5024.

(L-6/90) SAN DIEGO COUNTY: Affection, intimacy, A/P French, quality caring 63, 5'-6", 127#, trim, good-looking, blue eyes, hairy, cut, moustache, health-oriented diet/lifestyle, no tobacco, alcohol, drugs, educated. Write: B.D.L., Suite #113, 103 N. Highway 101, Encinitas, CA 92024.

(S-2/91) I'VE GOT BALLS! 64-year-old hunk, 6', 185#, salt and pepper hair, brown eyes, clean shaven, moderately hairy, well hung, seeks eager oral experts to drain me dry and then some. Any age or race is fine. I have no top/bottom hangups but I'll respect yours. Southern California preferred but will answer all. Write: KSS, P.O. Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769.

(N-6/90) W/M, 55+ SOUGHT BY W/M, 30, 5'-7", 170#: Will relocate on your terms to share life as friend and lover. Life is just too hard for me alone anymore. I need someone to love and be loved by. I have simple dreams and goals made difficult by loneliness. Please take a chance on me. I might just fill the void in your life, too. Trade pics. Write: Steve N., P.O. Box 2263, Redondo Beach, CA 90278.

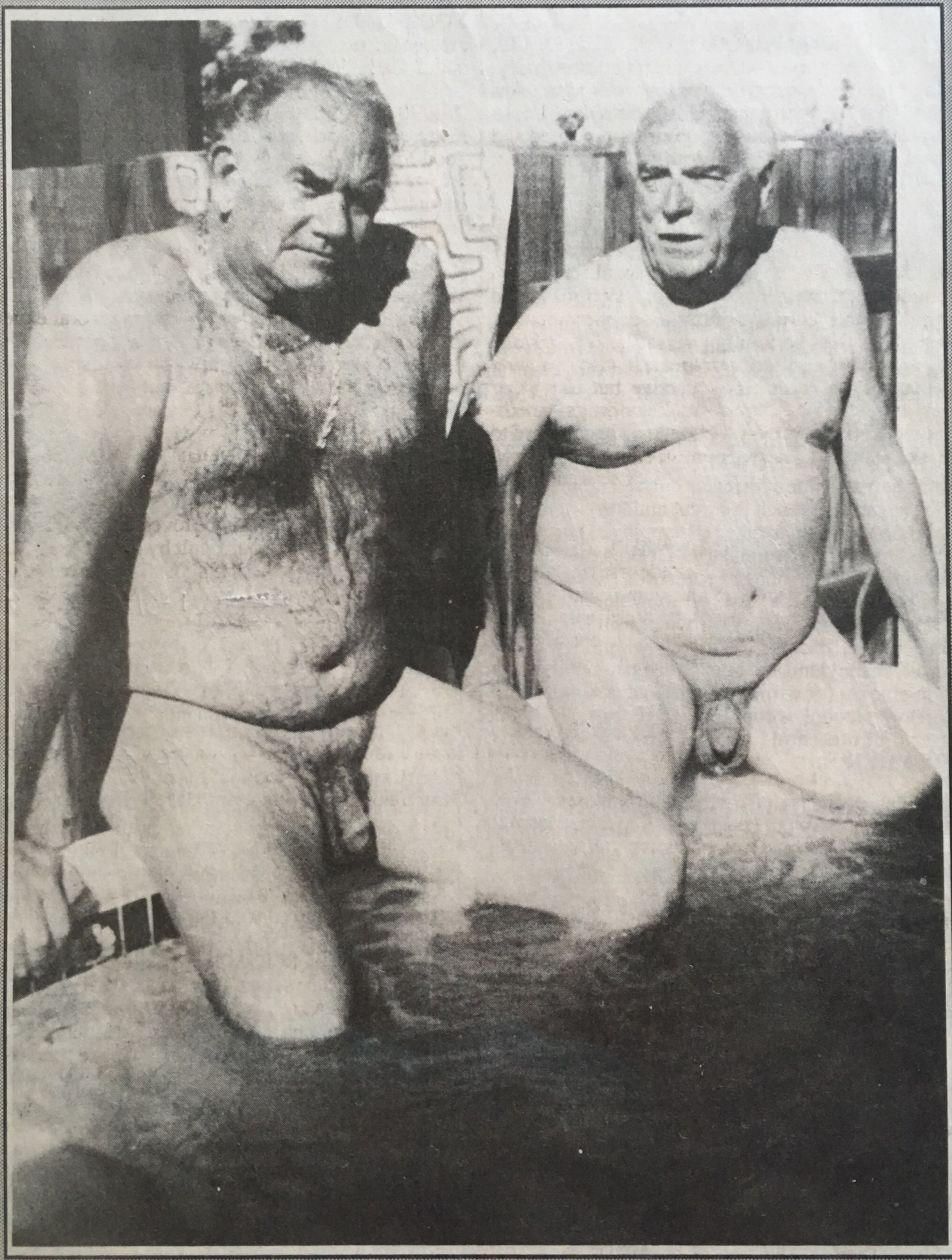
(C-6/90) SANTA PAULA AND NATIONWIDE: GWM, 40, 6'-4", 280#, brown eyes/ hair/ beard/ moustache, clean cut, masculine, fun loving, HIV negative, straight appearing, likes movies, theatre, etc. Seeks mature top man over 40 for friendship/relationship. Honest, a plus. Write: A. Coppola, 407 Leavens Court, Santa Paula, CA 93060, or call (805) 933-1635.

(O-6/90) PASADENA: Virgin, 31-year-old, G/P, F/A WM in excellent shape, seeks patient, understanding old gentleman, 60+, trim, clean for first time relationship. Phone & photo if possible. Write: **NEW**

(M-6/90) PALM SPRINGS AND SURROUNDING AREAS: Chubby, silver-bearded bear, 50, 6'-1", 250, uncut, Fr-A/P, Gr-P, seeks healthy, safe, sane playmates for mutual fun. I have no age, weight, size, race hang-ups. Like minded gentlemen please send phone number and descriptive letter. Write: **SAND BEAR**

(B-6/90) NORTHERN ITALIAN OVER 75: Slender, healthy, masculine appearance, endowed (6") uncut, non-smoker, well traveled, educated, loves kissing, hugging, home type intimacy. Seeks lover in San Diego. Must be over 250# and about 50. Pug nose a plus. Call (619) 291-8966.

TWO HUNKS IN A TUB



ZIPPER AND NIPPER . . . photo by P.H. COLLEY

(T-6/90) L.A. GWM: 43, 5'-10", 185#, stocky build, hairy, handsome, masculine, moustache, A/P French, P/Greek. Seeks big, hairy, hung dad, 50+ for great sex or mature lovers for 3-ways. Write: G.F.T., P.O. Box 10719, Beverly Hills, CA 90213.

(W-6/90) LOS ANGELES AREA - WANTED: 70-YEAR-OLD (AT LEAST): No upper age limit. Preferably dentured. Must be kind, considerate. I am 57 (look younger), 225#, 6'-1", blue eyes, blond hair (thinning), well educated. Like traveling, reading, bridge, photography, T.V. (not necessarily in that order). Phone. If not in, listen carefully and leave message after the beep. George, (213) 396-8510.

(M-6/90) HIGH DESERT/LOW DESERT PERVERT: Seeks local men, all ages, who enjoy W/S, CBT and enemas, along with their Fr and Gr. Give and take, safe and sane only. I am 40s, heavyset, clean and healthy. Photo/phone. Write: **DESERT DREAMER**

(P-4/91) PASADENA, CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Homeowner, GWM, 52, 5'-11", 185# with red/brown hair and blue eyes, clean cut, sincere, easy going (HIV negative, French A/P, cut and have much more than most), straight acting, self-employed professional in the entertainment industry. Desires monogamous relationship with younger, romantic, mature, straight acting, intelligent, honest, responsible and sensitive equal life partner. I enjoy companionship, sex, motorhome travel, treasure hunting, swimming, movies, theater, Disneyland and quiet times at home. If you are a non-smoker (or willing to quit) and not into the drug or heavy alcohol scenes, please reply with detailed letter, photo and phone to: **PASADENA DREAMER.**

(P-10/90) NORTH HOLLYWOOD SONNY BOY, GWM, 39, LOOKING FOR PAPA BEAR: I'm very clean, discreet and loyal. Lay back and let me suck your dick for hours while you tell me how much you appreciate me and need me. I'm looking for a long term relationship. Please be 45+, very masculine (truck drivers and blue collar a plus) and local. No long distance or J/O calls. I know I can make the right man happy. Weekdays after 7 pm and weekends anytime. Call: Danny, (818) 753-8077.

(T-6/90) L.A. AREA/WILL TRAVEL: Late 20s, tall, blond seeks dominant 55+ who knows what he wants and demands it. Plusses: Hairy, trucker/cowboy/blue collar types. Kinky okay. Call: (213) 669-8026.

(S-6/91 SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/ORANGE COUNTY: Bi/W/M, 55, 5'-11", 235#, passive yet rugged and muscular, open to all types. Equipment: 8" long by 7" around. Likes: French passive, receptive tit/ball play, anal massage, fisting, soft toys, body massage, videos. NO PAIN. I'm very clean and healthy, laid back, horny, highly educated, uninhibited, long lasting and butch. I'm also featured in CR's May Special. Write: **MACK**

(K-6/90) L.A.-SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: Masculine, clean Oriental widower, 65, 5'-6", 165#, seeks others, all ages/sizes for companionship. Enjoy traveling, outdoors, fishing, Las Vegas, embracing, kissing, A/P oral sex. Seniors welcome. Write: Sam, P.O. Box 4343, Pacoima, CA 91331.

(B-8/90) ORANGE COUNTY BEACH BUMS: GW Couple, 61 & 36, masculine, CR models, nudists, real people. Seeking singles and couples for friendship and sharing good times. Locals preferred but will answer all. Have no age, race or size hangups. Write with address or phone number. Write: Ed/Wayne, P.O. Box 7086, Huntington Beach, CA 92646.

(B-2/91) ONE GOOD MAN: 52-year-old, white male, attractive, muscular, very hairy, stocky, 5'-8", 185#, green-eyed, verile, masculine. I'm a former college football halfback and a dog lover. Looking for a mature, genuine, masculine top man for one hell of an experience. Just recently moved to the Victor Valley and travel extensively throughout the High Desert on business. Write: ~~KARL.~~ 1-619-388-4440 Harry Burman

(C-6/90) WANTED: Stocky, masculine men (preferably married or straight) who want no-hassle, expert servicing enroute between Las Vegas and L.A. I'm just off Hwy 18, toothless, eficient and as quick (or slow) as you want it. Write: **HOTMOUTH** PO Box 2770 Victorville

COLORADO

(J-10/90) COLORADO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, mid-50s, healthy, masculine, professional, balding gray, 5'-8", 140, thick 7" uncut, looking for self-sufficient, sincere, masculine, younger man who needs the guidance and affection an older man can provide. Interest in music and cooking a plus. Sense of humor and seeker of good times a must. Smoking, alcohol and some kink okay. Like massage and nudism. Looking for possible relationship, not a penpal. Photo appreciated. Write: Bob, 4 Studio Pl., Colorado Springs, CO 80904. (719) 632-8909.

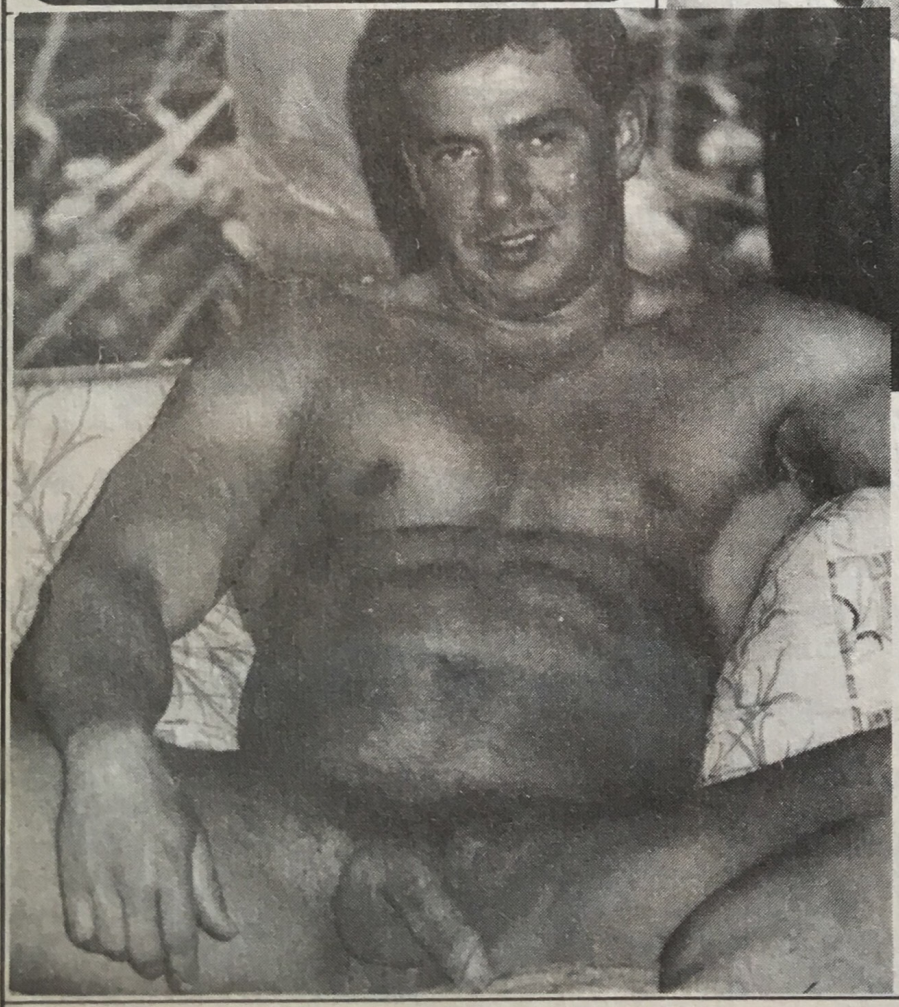
CONNECTICUT

(H-6/90) WANTED: 18-27. See New Jersey.

(K-6/90) CONNECTICUT: GWM, 46, 150#, 5'-6", seeks long term relationship with young, dominant construction worker type. Prefer dark haired, with lots of body hair and who is A/P Greek. Race, looks not important. Write: Nate K., Box 1319, Broad St. Sta., Manchester, CT 06040.

THE BOYS FROM BELGIUM

SECURITY BURT . . . photo by FRANCIS R



BODY BY FRANCO! . . . photo by FRANCIS R

CHIRON RISING HAS DISCOVERED SEVERAL GROUPS OF DELIGHTFUL, MATURE MEN LIVING THROUGHOUT THE EXQUISITE COUNTRY OF BELGIUM. THE BOYS OF BELGIUM FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE ARE FRIENDS OF FRANKIE BEARMANIAC AND HE-BIG-MAN, BOTH OF WHOM WERE FEATURED IN APRIL. A VISIT TO BELGIUM WOULDN'T BE COMPLETE WITHOUT MEETING SOME OF THESE GREAT GUYS.

FLORIDA

(G-10/90) NATIONWIDE: Retired gentleman past 60, Miami area, 5'-7", 150#, brown/gray, seeks serious MAN, 25 to 45, masculine, slender, to share home. I am loving, dedicated, stable, and enjoy movies, boating, cooking, travel. Prefer nonsmoker. Foto and describe yourself. Write: C-R Reader, P.O. Box 610191, North Miami, FL 33181.

(G-6/90) SARASOTA COUNTY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 61, 5'-10-1/2", brown/brown, seeking honest, sincere, white male, 35-65, for friendship and one to one relationship. I am non-smoker and social drinker. Have lots of love to offer. Write with photo please to: Virgo, 262 Willowick Way, Venice, FL 34293-4036.

(B-2/91) CENTRAL FLORIDA-U.S. 27/441: Couple, 67, 6'-1", 155# and 65, 5'-7", 140#. Singles or couples, 35+ for friendship and/or sex on one to one basis welcome to our home, located 8 miles north of Leesburg, 23 miles south of Ocala. No drugs, S & M, freeloaders or collect calls. Write: Jim, P.O. Box 602, Lady Lake, FL 32159, or call (904) 753-2857.

(M-6/90) FT. LAUDERDALE: Are you lonely like me? I am 30, GWM, 5'-10", 154#. I am a very caring, honest, gentle, sincere person. If you are very hairy, including very hairy legs, 60+, 210#+, old fashioned and able to have a sincere relationship, I could make you very very happy, with or without sex. But I like hugs and cuddles. I have lots and lots of love to give and nobody to give it to. Photo appreciated, but not necessary. Write: W. Murray, 77 South Birch Road, Apt. 6B, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33316.

GEORGIA

(P-6/90) FATHER TYPE WANTED: (emotional, not financial) GWM, Dutch/American, 48 years old, 6'-2", 220#, semi-retired professional, financially independent, bilingual, greyish hair, smoke, drink socially, discreet, enjoy excellent way of living. Looking for a man's man, father type, hairy, stocky (not fat), 50-65 years old, boardroom-type, stable. Also, HIV negative, discreet and not afraid of mixed society and small talk once in a while. Likes to enjoy life with somebody in a healthy and honest way and not afraid to improvise on sexual behavior for the time being. Please write letter and send photo with clothes on. Not interested in the meat market, because there should always be some fantasy and romance left. Write: **OSPREY**

(S-6/91) YOUNGER THE BETTER (over 18): GWM, 60, 5'-6 1/2", 215#, seeks lover of gray haired, loveable, cuddly chubby. I love all races but prefer young, slim, sexy, affectionate Asian, Black, Latin. Gentle sex only. Travel anywhere extensively. Send photo. Write: **FPS**

(N-6/90) ATLANTA/SOUTHEAST: WM, semi-retired exec, 58, 6'-3", 235#, financially secure, healthy, happy, affectionate. I enjoy quiet home life, good company, music, food, travel and other good things in life. Seeking a career oriented young man who would enjoy sharing some of these things. Drop me a note with your photo telling me about yourself, your dreams and ambitions. Write: **CHANDELA.**

(E-8/90) GEORGIA/NATIONWIDE: Tired of meeting the wrong person? Take a chance. GWM, 42, 210#, 6'-1", stocky build, brown hair/moustache, enjoys sexual versatility and 69. I am sincere and healthy, but somewhat shy with a sense of humor. Love good friends, good food and good sex. Write: Leo, P.O. Box 218, Decatur, GA 30031.

(C-6/90) GEORGIA: GWM, 53, 5'-10", 190#, bald, hairy and wear glasses. Recently transferred to Georgia from Northern California. Would like to make new friends in the Southeast. Like big men with big equipment, into nude swimming, homemade videos. See my photo in the CR May Special issue. Write: Sam, P.O. Box 2523, Forest Park, GA 30051.

HAWAII

(H-6/90) HONOLULU: GWM, 63, 5'-9", 170#, brown/blue, F/A, G/P. Wants to meet well endowed men, 55-65, any race. Will satisfy, no reciprocation necessary. Write: Clifton, P.O. Box 75356, Honolulu, HI 96836.

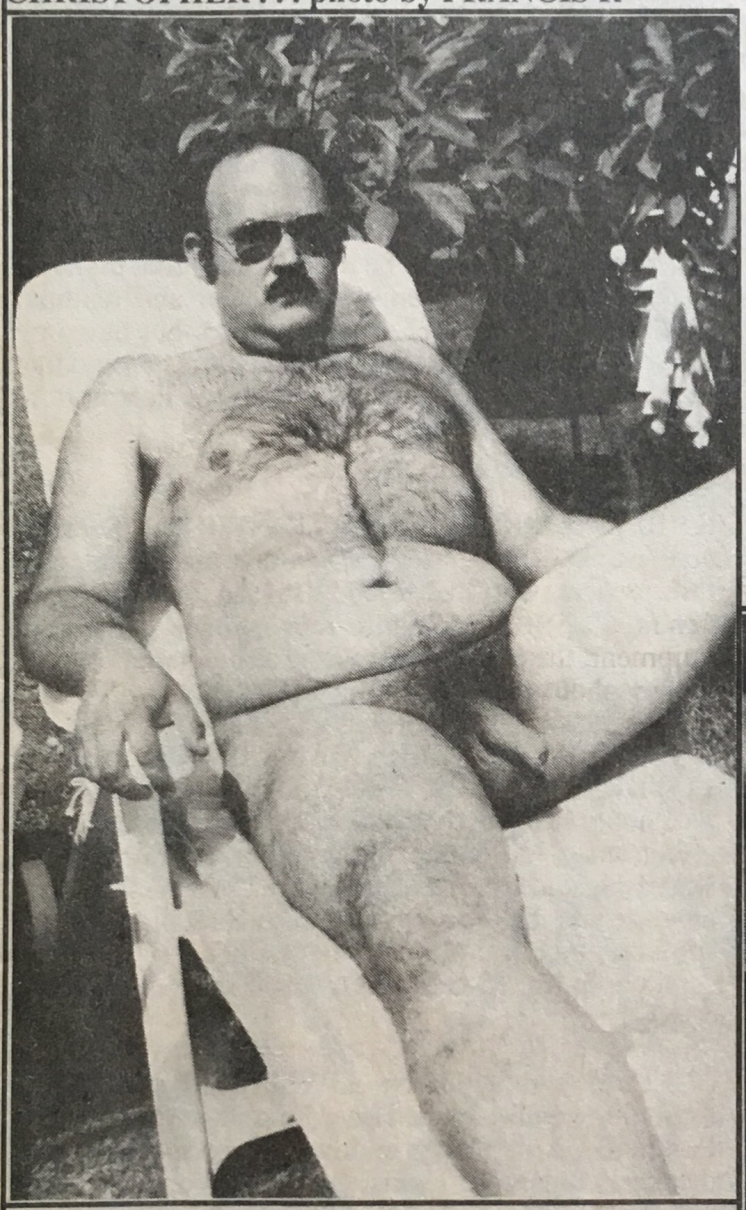
ILLINOIS

(P-6/90) CHICAGO DAD SEEKS SON: GWM, 55, 5'-10", 155#, greying, moustache, professional, seeks son/lover relationship. No drugs, nonsmoker preferred—self supporting, to share bed with right person, cuddle, safe sex, J/O, video, travel. Blacks a plus. Sincere only. Send photo, phone number to: **EAGLE.**

(L-8/90) HORSE WANTED: GWM, 6'-1 1/2", 200#, lanky 62 year old wants a 220# +, strong, heavyset playmate, any age, to horseplay, mutually pump iron, Nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex, etc. with me. Reward is my good pec, tit, nipple play, etc. Write: John Lange, P.O. Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160.

(H-8/90) GRIZZLY OF C.R. SEEKS OTHER BEARS: GWM, 40, 320#, 6'-3", hairy, bearded, seeks other masculine bears (REBEL II, JACK EDWARDS, THE COLONEL) for loving. Actively seeking relationship. You: Hairy, 30-60 years old, affectionate and smart. Into cuddling, heavy tit work and deep kissing. Nuturing and sense of humor important as well.

CHRISTOPHER . . . photo by FRANCIS R



MORE BOYS FROM BELGIUM

Note: There are no profiles available on the BOYS FROM BELGIUM, but you may write them if you wish. We'll forward your 45 cent stamped letter to FRANKIE BEARMANIAC and HE-BIG-MAN, who will hand deliver.

THE HUNTER . . . photo by FRANCIS R

(O-4/91) HEAVY OLDER MEN: GWM, 48, 5'-8", 140#, brown/blond hair, blue eyes, 6" cut, looking for men over 50, 250#+ and well endowed. Write: JNO, 2238, N. Lakewood, IL 60614.

IOWA

(V-6/90) IOWA/NATIONWIDE W/M: 39, 5'-9", 150#, brown hair, hazel eyes, shy, passive. Believes in safe sex. Wants to provide French, please you. Seeks older males, gay couples. Travel to Palm Springs and Phoenix areas occasionally. Possibly elsewhere. Let's correspond and see what develops. Write: **HONEYDOER**

KENTUCKY

(W-6/90) CALLING ALL COCKSUCKERS: GWM, 72, 5'-11", 160#, cut, looking for kindred spirits young and old, likes cocks, kissing, cuddling warm male bodies in and out of bed. Can travel to meet you. Write: Jim Wilson, P.O. Box 1767, Lexington, KY 40593, or call (606) 272-7193.

(B-6/90) LOUISVILLE, KY: WM, 70, 5'-8", 180#, grey hair, quite hairy. Love music, theater. Age unimportant. Love well-endowed, masculine non-smokers. Live near I-65. Write: Bill, 1237 Keswick Blvd., Louisville, KY 40217.

MARYLAND

(L-8/90) HEAVY GENTLE MEN: Bi Asian male, 6'-1", 188#, 39, gentle, kind, honest, dark hair/eyes, smooth skin, loves light classical/pop music, reading, conversations. Seeks friendship with heavy, big bellied, gentle, friendly, honest men age 45 to ?, any race, who love hugging, touching, tit play and safe sex. Uncut a plus, but not necessary. Photo appreciated. Write: **SGP.**

(T-6/90) WASHINGTON SUBURBS: GWM, 34, 5'-10", 205#, brown/blue, attractive (to some!), hirsute, well endowed, cut, French A/P, Greek passive, seeks heavy set, masculine, hairy, uncut men over 45 for mutually enjoyable sexual experiences. Bald or balding is a plus. Photo appreciated. Write: **BOOMER**

(T-6/90) COCKEYSVILLE: ROOMMATE WANTED: GWM, 35, professional, self-supporting, financially stable, discreet. My 60-year-old roommate is moving November 90. Need financially stable roommate to pay 1/2 rent and expenses, starting in November 90 for good 2 bedroom, 1-1/2 bath apartment in Cockeysville, MD. Your share: $315 per month for rent, gas, heat, plus 1/2 electric, phone, etc. Convenient to Baltimore, Towson, Hunt Valley, Washington, D.C. and many good hospitals, including the VA Hospital of Baltimore. Will consider moving into your place. Discreet seniors favorably considered. No heavy drinkers, nothing illegal. We must be friends for this to work. A "relationship" possible, but not necessary. Write: Mike, P.O. Box 16, Cockeysville, MD 21030.

(S-6/90) BALTIMORE GWM, 53, 5'-10", 200#: Gray hair and goatee. Recently lost lover of 20 years. Would like to hear from white males, over 60 and pudgy (or more). Looking for friendship, and as we get to know each other, maybe more. I'm active in music (player and listener), enjoy the theater and reading. Still working, so travel time is limited, but have my own home with plenty of room for visitors. Would like to hear from you if you fit the above description. Write: **TERPANDIR**

MICHIGAN

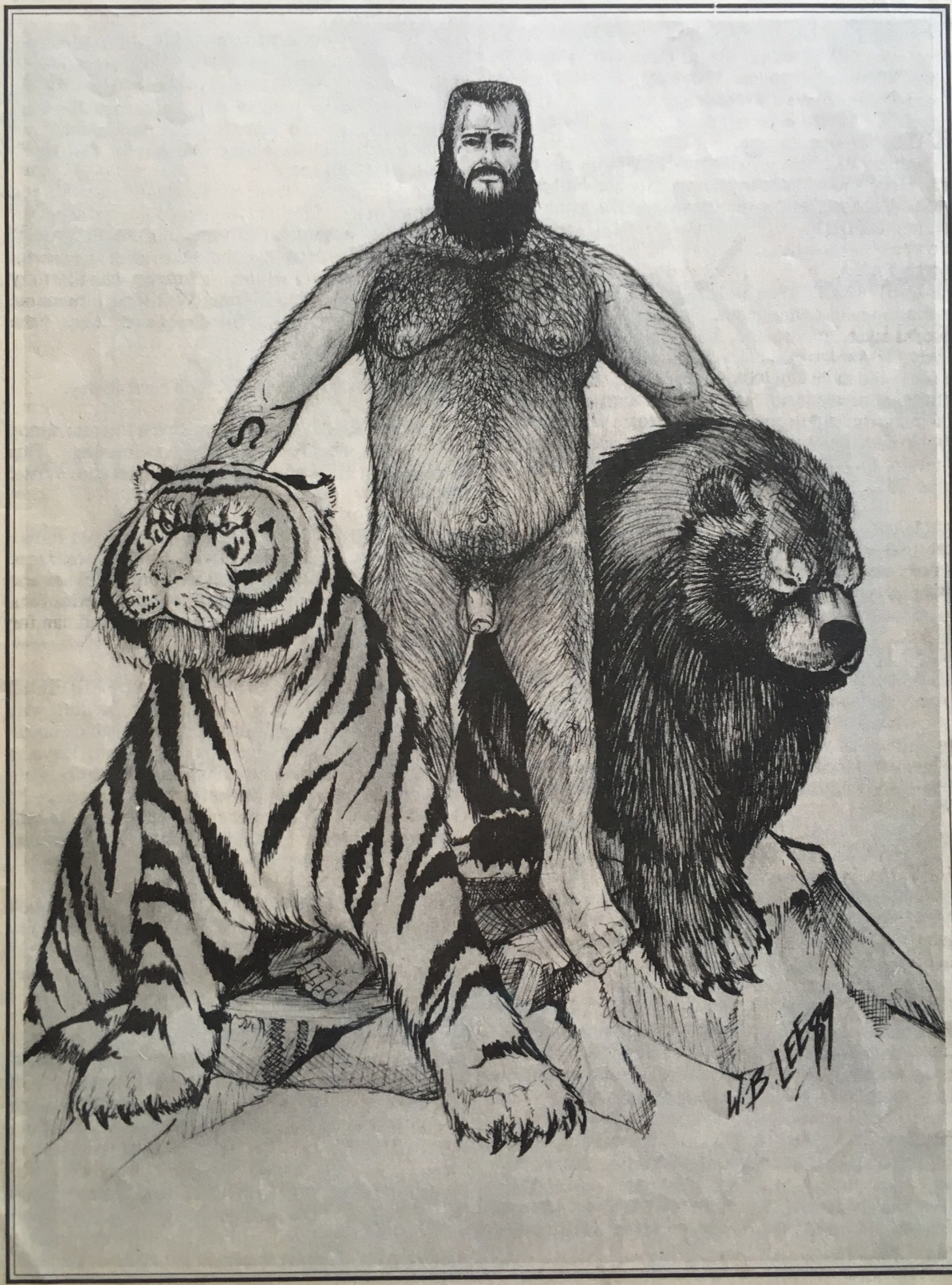
(Q-10/90) MICHIGAN/NATIONWIDE: Seeking young men, 25-40, who are healthy, masculine, mature, honest, who like to cuddle, kiss, Fr AS/P. I'm GWM, 62, 5'-10", 165#, into travel, videos, gardening, sports, exercise and more. Photo appreciated. Write: Jack, P.O. Box 11, Carrollton, MI 48724.

(S-8/90) YOUNGER MAN SEEKS OLDER CHUBBY: WM, 29, 5'-7", 150#, brown hair/eyes, mustache, hairy body, thick 6" X 6" cut, clean, very affectionate, masculine. Seeks older chubby man for friendship and good sex. Prefer 55-75, over 200#, grey or white hair, balding, beards, mustaches, pipe or cigar smokers, nice round buns, men under 5'-7". Please send photo to: M.G.S., P.O. Box 9312, Livonia, MI 48150.

(P-12/90) MICHIGAN: GWM, 64, 6 feet, 175#, masculine, well trimmed beard/moustache, Greek A/P, French A/P, nicely endowed, non-smoker, light drinker. Interests: Arts, antiques, books, bridge, camping, hiking, walking, cross-country skiing, western dress (leather, Levis, boots), boating, watersports, gourmet cooking, old cars, motorcycles, music, opera, theatre. Travel US/overseas. Seeking GWM, 55 plus with somewhat similar interests. Write: **COSMOPOLITAN.**

MINNESOTA

(A-10/90) MINNEAPOLIS: GWM, gentlemanly, medium-tall, slim, smooth, 60, prime health, laid-back, low-key but communicative of feelings and ideas; good listener, well-read, sincere attitude, warm disposition, loyal, enjoys humor and serious conversation. You: sincere, stable, warm-hearted, considerate, cordial, non-judgmental, without dependencies. Respond, discover, exchange views and tastes. Write: **READY AND WILLING.**


W.B. LEE '87

MISSOURI

(B-8/90) KANSAS CITY AND FT. LAUDERDALE: Very nice GWM would like to meet you. I'm 6'-1", 166#, 40, with brown hair, blue eyes, very white, very smooth skin. Have a 9 incher and am French A/P and Greek A. Tested HIV negative. A sexy loving man looking for one to one, but can entertain visitors. Especially like heavy, hairy, stocky Chiron guys over 45. Have a nice place in Kansas City and Ft. Lauderdale. Write and send a nude photo and I'll do the same. Write: **REDDY.**

MONTANA

(S-8/90) MONTANA ROCKIES: GWM, 41, 5'-5", average uncut endowment, black crewcut hair, dark brown eyes, moustache, husky, muscular, smooth body. If you are tall, hairy, attractive, hung (big balls a plus) and have a big ass, write or call. But all of the aforementioned is not law if you are a masculine male of integrity, dignity and self-respect. Write or call. Your nude photo gets mine. Write to: Abraham Serrato, P.O. Box 46, Stevensville, MT 59870 or call after 8:00 pm (406) 777-3205.

NEVADA

(H-8/90) NATIONWIDE: Wanted: GWM who has a motor home and likes to travel. Share expenses. Become good friends. Sex not necessary. If interested, drop me a line or two. Write: **TEDDY II.**

NEW JERSEY

(H-6/90) WANTED: 18-27: NJ, NY, PA or CT man of any race who wants to meet a 6'-3", 245#, 51 year old, white-haired, sensual, WM sage. You'd get tender loving sex as you like it and knowledge of the world and your place in it. I have a place and can afford our travel and entertainment. Write: **OWL III.**

(G-12/90) MASCULINE SUBMISSIVE: BiWM, 5'-11", 165#, 61-year-old, athletic, dark brown/balding. Very affectionate, intelligent, loyal friend. Wide range of interests: cultural, scientific, spiritual, intellectual, sexual, psycho-sexual. HIV negative, Greek/P. Into mind control. Ken - (201) 592-6690 evenings or weekends.

(Z-8/90) NEW JERSEY/NYC: 60, 5'-10", 210#, blue eyes, grey/blond hair, professional classical musician with good sense of humor. I'm caring and affectionate. If you're between 40 and 55, sensitive and intelligent, I would hope to hear from you. Write: **ART.**

(W-8/90) ATLANTIC CITY AREA: GWM, 33, 5'-9", 160#, moustache, brown hair/balding, hairy chest/legs, masculine, trim, Greek and French A/P and HIV negative. Seeking masculine GWM over 45, non-smoker preferred. Write with photo to: **HIRSUTE.**

NEW MEXICO

(M-8/90) NATIONWIDE/SOUTHWEST: Lonely in small, rural, closeted area. Will exchange letters, photos, porn videos, JO ideas, hot phone calls. I am 62, 5'-7", 135#, wirey, outdoor tan, prefer men 50+ with same interests. No permanent commitments, just gentle love. Include phone number for fast reply. Write: EL PAISANO.

NEW YORK

(R-6/90) NEW YORK CITY/N.E. CONNECTICUT: GWM, 47 years, 220#, 6'-0", wants to meet and service GWM, 60+, uncut. I'm looking for men who like to be sucked and eaten, front and rear. W/S, Scat, turn me on. Write: F.R., Box 528, 70A Greenwich Ave., New York, NY 10011.

(H-6/90) WANTED: 18-27. See New Jersey.

(C-8/90) YOUNGER GUYS: are what I'm into, along with theatre, music, cooking and swimming. This personable Village guy would like to meet you. Write: **BRAD.**

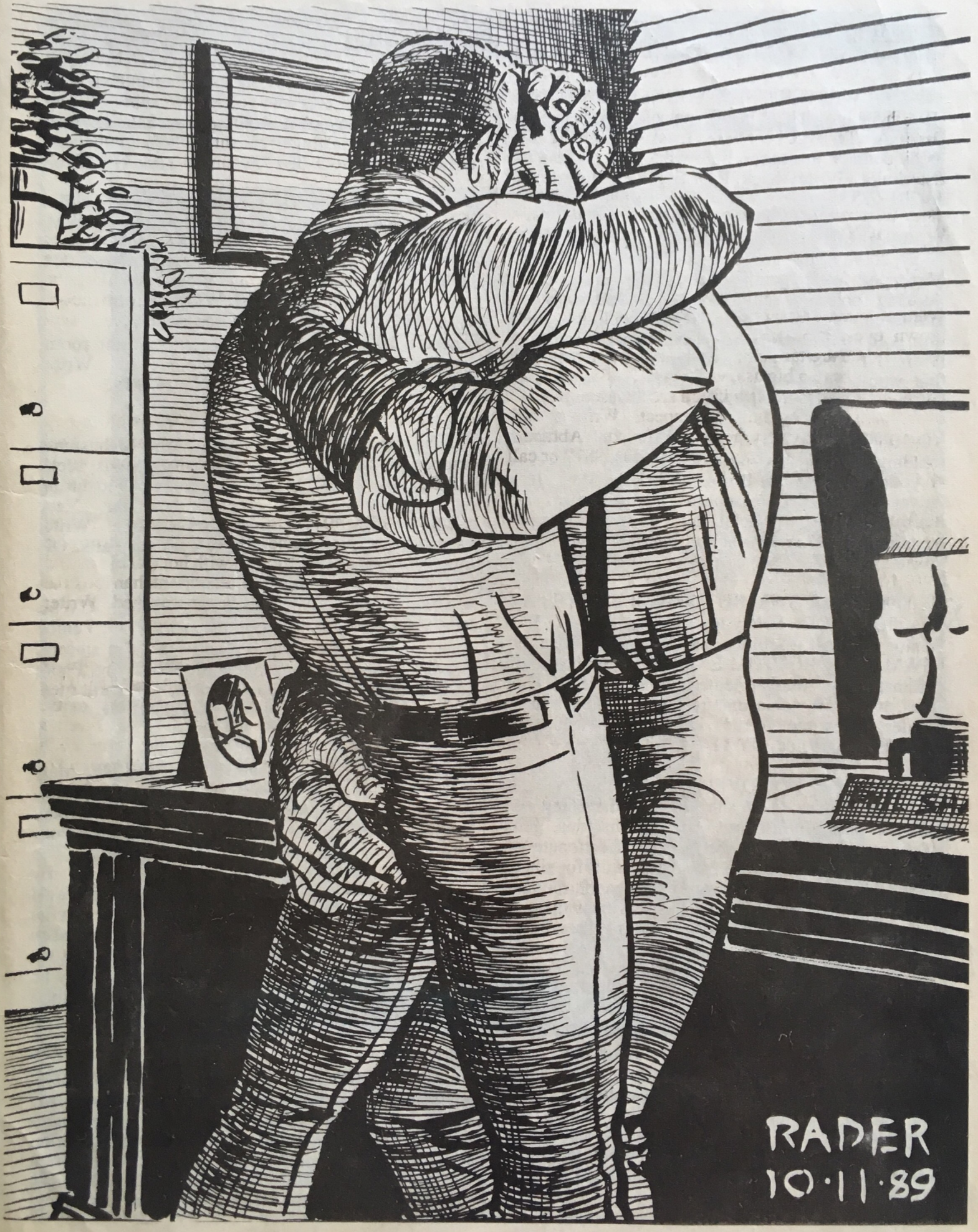
(D-2/91) SEEK 40+ TOPMAN: 42 year old Italian bottom, hairy, moustache, 185#, 5'-11", looking to please masculine older topman with hot (safe) sex and lots of affection. Attitude more important than looks or stats. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: **DRONGO.**

(L-8/90) SHARE A PAIR IN NYC OR FAIRFIELD COUNTY: Junior is 50, 5'-11", 180#, balding with close cropped pepper & salt beard, plus 8" thick uncut. Senior is 70, 6', 187#, silver fox hair, 6" cut. Have no age, ethnic or color hangups. Just seeking manly, well-endowed (hairy a plus), versatile partners who are Fr/Gr A/P guys. We're successful professionals who enjoy the good life. Photo/phone a must! Write: J.R., Box 25, Georgetown, CT 06829.

(R-6/90) DADDY WANTED IN NYC: Latin boy, white, healthy, clean shaven, 5'-4", 130#, 41, fit, hairy, uncut, seeks top, bearded, dominant, yet warm Daddy for safe, erotic kink. Relationship. No cigarettes. Write: **D.W.**

(M-6/90) WNY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 43, 5'-7", 185 (and losing), healthy, clean, HIV negative, 8" X 6-1/4" uncut. I honestly love older men. I'm French A/P, Greek/A (virgin to P). Nude photo, if possible. Write: Roger Maynard, 2854 Marshall Road, Medina, NY 14103.

(B-6/90) NEW YORK/SUFFOLK COUNTY: WM, 59, athletic, 6', 170#, professional, masculine, youthful, sincere. Interested in films, beach, travel, antiques, working out. Seeks safe relationship with someone 30-


RADER
10·11·89

45, slim, masculine, athletic, caring. No smoking, drugs, phonies. Photo appreciated. Write: **GYRO.**

(H-4/91) WESTERN NEW YORKER: GWM, 47, 5'-10", 185#, brown hair, beard, moustache seeks muscular dude with large beer belly, massive thighs. I enjoy body contact, massages, light workouts, pigging out. No drugs. Write: Rick, P.O. Box 833, Buffalo, NY 14231-0833.

(C-8/90) BINGHAMTON AREA: GW Couple, 64, 5'-9", 200#, beard, grey hair; and 54, 5'-6", 175#, salt & pepper. We're gentle, affectionate and fun loving, looking for same, senior couples or singles, stocky preferred. We enjoy classical music, cooking, gardening, golf, intellectual pursuits, nature, photo exchange. Prefer NE Pennsylvania and southern tier NY State, but would enjoy hearing from anyone nationwide. Write: **CC & THE MONK**

(D-10/90) NY CITY/NATIONWIDE: Hi! If you are reading the personals you may be looking for me. I am a young 62-year-old Brooklyn Italian, 5'-9", 165#, silver hair, bearded, masculine. Seeking warm, 45+, hairy teddy bears. Facial hair a plus. Looking for relationship or straight acting buddies. P/P Please. Write: **ARIES.**

(S-8/90) SEEK GWM BOTTOM LIFEMATE/NYC/NATIONWIDE: Solely top GWM, 58, 5'-8", 150#, minor physical disability, seeks sumo build/chubby GWM, solely BOTTOM EXPERT for monogamous lifemate only. Anally oriented only. Be over 45, 6 feet plus, over 225#, stable, mature, loving, caring, sharing, tender, honest too. Write: Don Sims, 141-60 - 84th Rd., #6-H, Jamaica, NY 11435.

(C-12/90) ARE YOU OVER 55? Masculine W/M, 40, 6'-1", trim, hairy, clean shaven, short dark hair, non-smoker, non-promiscuous, health conscious, genuinely attracted to older men, seeks affectionate and caring gentleman over 55 (no upper limit) for sincere friendship, hopefully leading to permanent, monogamous relationship. Am loving, sensitive, loyal, outgoing and want to share my life with a self-respectful and dignified man. Any area. Would relocate. All detailed letters with photo answered. Photo essential. Please write: Jack, Box 591, 208 E. 51st St., New York, NY 10022.

(G-6/90) LOOKING FOR DAD: Latin boy, 35, 5'-10", 180#, versatile (prefer bottom), S.S., clean-shaven, athletic, smooth, masculine-acting. I'm kind and caring and enjoy nature, science, reading, arts, sports and life. I'm sociable, responsible and humanistic. I would love to share affection and tenderness with a very special human being. Looking for a friend (hopefully much more), 48-60, 180-275#, GWM who prefers being top. Must be clean-shaven. I invite you to write. Even though sex, looks, doing and having in life are important, it is who you are that supersedes all, as well as your integrity, self-respect and the ability to enter into a true, lasting friendship. Photo appreciated. Write: Agustin, P.O. Box 7395, New York, NY 10163.

(P-6/90) NIPPLES & TITS (NYC AREA): Masculine white male seeks older (50-60), Sumo type (GWM) with large nipples, not hairy, for safe sex. Send photo to S.P., Box 123, 330 West 42 St., New York, NY 10036.

NORTH CAROLINA

(P-6/90) WANTED: Retired gent to rent room, modest rent. Someone to pal around with. Write: Harper, P.O. Box 2532, Wilson, NC 27893.

OHIO

(D-6/90) OHIO/NATIONWIDE: Retired business executive, GWM, 65, 6'-1", 205 hairy pounds, seeks potential lover to reside Lake Erie area of Ohio during the summers and warm climates in winter. Very flexible. Boats, sports, music, travel, love. Write: Tom Dolson, P.O. Box 1226, Cuyahoga Falls, OH 44223, or call (216) 929-7225.

(S-12/90) CLEVELAND/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 41, 5'-4", 185#, seeking attractive men, 21-49. I enjoy music, movies, travel, nature and sex. I'm sincere, discreet, caring, passionate, romatic and loving. Photo desired with replies. Prefer hairless, well-built men. Write: H.P.S., P.O. Box 99306, Cleveland, OH 44199.

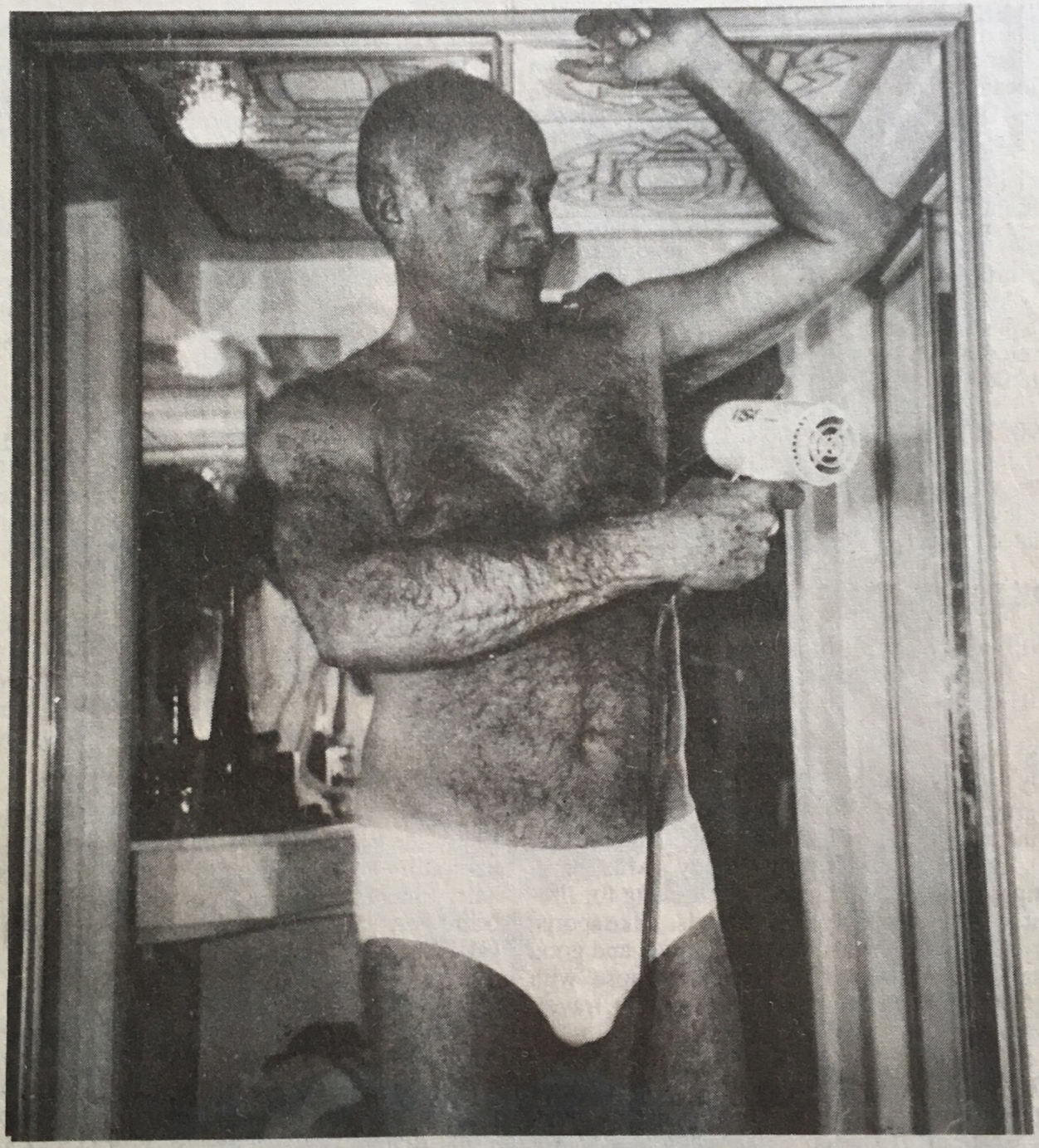
OKLAHOMA

(R-8/90) SOUTHWEST U.S./NATIONWIDE: Masculine GWM, 39, heavyset, blondish and smooth-skinned, seeks fatherly, masculine and assertive man, 55+, stocky (hairy and balding a big plus), for friendship and whatever else is mutually agreeable. The model IRONWORKER has the ideal look for my tastes. I am successful, very career-oriented and travel some. I grew up in a small town and have not lost the values I learned there and admire in others. If you seek affection, sincerity, horniness and old-fashioned respect and consideration in a junior partner, I may be your boy! I hope you'll write (with photo if possible) to: **JUNIOR PARTNER.**

OREGON

(D-8/90) CHOOSE BETWEEN TWO NORTHWESTERNERS: 52, healthy, masculine, affectionate, horny, non-smoker, stocky frame, clean-shaven, hairy chested, professional and clean, seeks young, virile, sensual man who prefers my type. Enclose photo. Write: Sandy, P.O. Box 775, Portland, OR 97207 - OR - other seeks mature men for hot tubbing or massaging.

BLOW DRIED



C.J. . . . a self portrait

Have indoor hot tub. Call Sandy, (503) 223-1679, or write same P.O. Box, c/o Sandy.

PENNSYLVANIA

(H-6/90) WANTED: 18-27. See New Jersey.

(C-6/90) ERIE GAY LOOKING FOR LIFE MATE: I'm 34, 5'-10", 295#, black hair, brown eyes, beard, seeks to meet that special man. Aggressive, butch, masculine men are a Plus. I love tit play, cuddling and lots of French. Forget Greek. Masculine only. Can you relocate? Call Tom at (814) 899-0202 - Leave message. Or write: Tom Chaney, Box 7048, Erie, PA 16510. Let's exchange photos. Take a chance.

(C-4/91) S.E. PHILADELPHIA & JERSEY SHORE: GWM, 57, hairless body and hung, would like to meet gay males 60 to ? for friendship. Cannot get into relationship at this time. Am Fr-A/P, HIV negative. Love to kiss, cuddle and give oral service. Hairy bodies a plus, but not necessary. Photo exchange. Pen pals welcome. Write: Eagle, P.O. box 421, Collingdale, PA 19023.

(D-10/90) PHILADELPHIA GWM, 33: 155#, 5'-10", bearded, hairy, affectionate, wants relationship with a tall, hairy, masculine, over 35, heavy set, bearded bear, into tit play, kissing and cuddling, French A/P. Photo appreciated. Write: **DRIVER EIGHT.**

RHODE ISLAND

(J-9/90) PROVIDENCE: Obese men with huge buns, 300-400 pounds, let me lick you! Send photo to: Richard Judge, 460 Charles St., Apt. 1011, Providence, RI 02904.

TEXAS

(T-6/90) COWTOWN COWBOY: White, blue, brown/gray, 54, 5'-11", 185#, businessman, horseman, masculine, weightlifter, HIV negative; likes white, over 40, masculine goodnatured buddy. Must be in good physical shape and clean. Not looking for lifemate but want to meet lots of new friends. I like sports, country-western big bands, classical, travel and good conversation. All replies answered. Those with phone/photo get extra quick service. Truckers, travelers welcome. Write: **BULLFROG.**

(B-6/90) NORTH TEXAS: GWM, 44, stocky, nice looking, French only or J/O with masculine men late 50s up—no limit! Especially like white hair and/or moustaches or beards. Live with 81 year old lover. Dallas-Ft. Worth area or travelers to Dallas. Both HIV negative. Love theater, good restaurants, congenial friends. Non smokers—social drinkers. Write: J. Bennett, P.O. Box 850511, Richardson, TX 75085-0511.

(H-10/90) HOUSTON/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 35, 5'-9", 160#, green/brown, handsome, sensitive, sincere and honest. Enjoys theatre, dining out, quiet evenings at home, tennis, scuba and skiing. Seeks friendship/relationship with 45-65, masculine, romantic who loves to cuddle. Prefer average to stocky (heavyset) build. Hairy and over 5'-10" a plus. Please submit a photo with correspondence. Write: **ANGEL.**

(G-2/91) HOUSTON, TEXAS: GWM, 47, 5'-8", 145#, smoker, non-drinker, easy-going, articulate, cuddly, *luvable*, seeking similar or older for sex partner/caring, intimate relationship. Write: J.G., 7211 Ilex St., Houston, TX 77012.

(I-2/91) YOUNG IN EAST TEXAS: Writer/ professional GWM, 28 years, single, trim, dark hair and eyes, 5'-7", 155#, loves country/western and rock, non-smoker, social drinker, HIV negative; seeks older, hairy man 40+ of the REBEL II type (but all inquiries welcome). Drop me a line and we'll see what cums up. But! Sex is secondary, emotions first. Write: **ROYCE.**

(K-8/90) AUSTIN AREA/NATIONWIDE: Looking for new friends and sexual encounters. Versatile. Over 40, 5'-11", 170#, 7-1/2" cut, professional. Like to hear your fantasies and experiences. Promise sincerity. Exchange photos. Write: Walter Knight, Box 44, Del Valle, TX 78617. Phone: (512) 441-2784.

(L-6/90) CUDDLY/FUN GWM, 32, 5'-10", 210#: seeks large, hairy men (45+) with warm lovin' arms to fill. Let's share all the pleasures that two men can give each other. No commitments. Photo please (exchanged). Write: Bill, Box 12163, Dallas, TX 75225.

UTAH

(C-10/90) SILVER BEAR: GWM, 69, 5'-11", 195#. Enjoy the nude lifestyle and welcome all nude and natural men to stop by and visit, contact first. I am hairy, uncut, silver crew cut, 'stache and pencil-thin beard. All answered with photo and stats. Write: **GULL**

WASHINGTON

(B-8/90) VISITING PACIFIC NORTHWEST/BRIT. COLUMBIA? Stay in neat, two-bedroom, fully-furnished house in park-like setting in Blaine, Washington. Full details: Contact Mike/Richard, P.O. Box 1348, Blaine, WA 98230 or call (206) 332-4319.

(A-6/90) NORTHWEST WASHINGTON/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 62, 5'-11", 180#, soon to retire, would like companion to do some traveling with. Seek 55 to 65, who enjoys 69, J/O, A/P French, nudism. Non Smoker. Your nude photo gets mine in return. Write: **COMPANION.**

THE COLONEL AND THE FRIAR AT MARDI GRAS

Photo by P.H. Colley

WISCONSIN

(S-6/90) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 50, 6', 225#, dark brown hair, blue eyes, very mature, masculine, honest, sincere, discreet and straight acting/appearing. Looking for gay pen pals, friends to share fun times or more. LaVerne Smazal, 1364 Main St., Rudolph, WI 54475.

INTERNATIONAL

(NOTE: Unless indicated otherwise, international ads with codewords require 45 cents per 1/2 oz on letter to be forwarded)

(C-6/90) ASIAN MALE, 36, SOLIDLY BUILT: Wants to hear from stocky men worldwide. Will travel or exchange visits. Letter and photo to: John Chan, GPO Box 3914, Hong Kong.

(J-6/90) DESPERATELY WANTED: Copies of all SWAN videos and other videos with older men. Heavy and over 60 preferred. Can buy only. I'm Dutch (40+). Write: **JACOB**

(J-2/91) VANCOUVER, BC: Retired, 65, 6'-2", 180#, gray hair and moustache, sexually enthusiastic, would like to correspond with and eventually meet other mature, heavy-set guys. I enjoy travelling, bridge and opera. Write: Hirondelle, Suite 480 - 1755 Robson, Vancouver, BC, V6G 3B7, CANADA.

(F-6/91) FRANKIE BEARMANIAC AND HE-BIG-MAN: totally welcome bears from anywhere. We offer you food and bed, south of Brussels, Belgium. We can't wait to meet you. Love. Write: **FRANKIE BEARMANIAC**

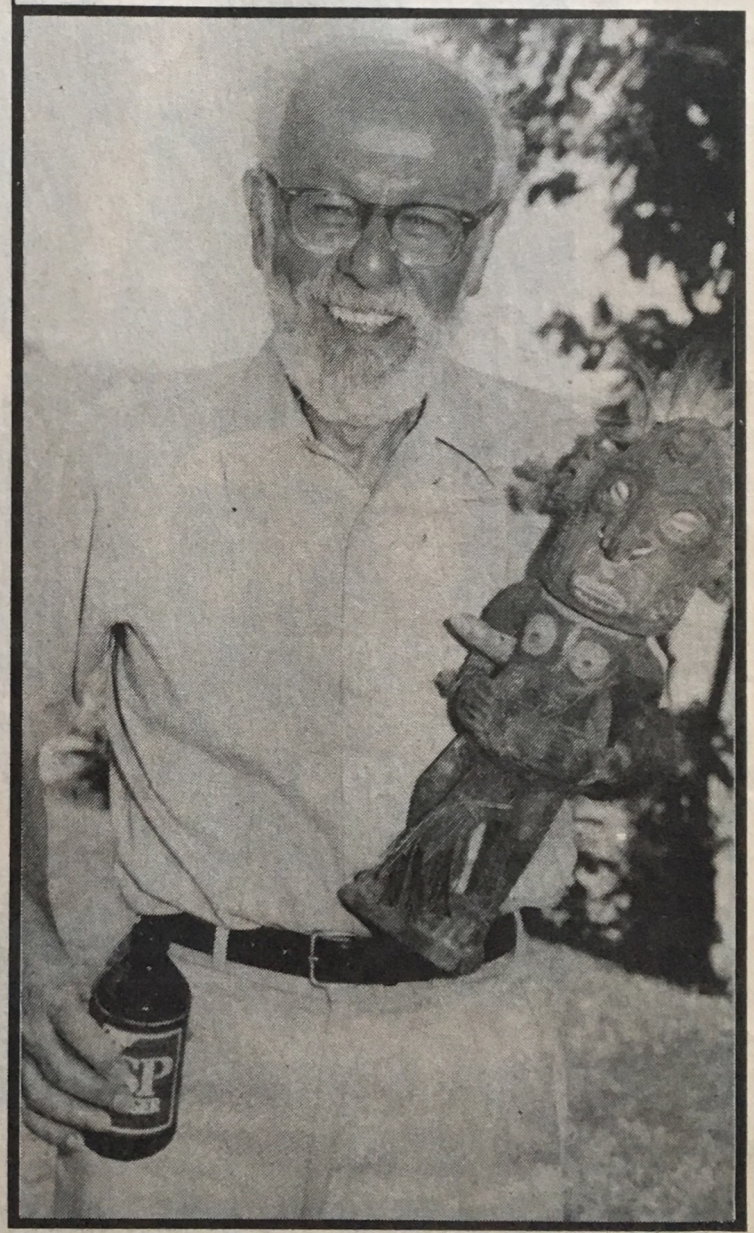
(B-6/90) CHAMPS-ELYSÉES: Are you—or do you know somebody who is—a lovely old man, 60-80, chubby, with a nice round belly, cordial, cultured, good manners? Would you like to have a French penpal, perhaps lover, 45, 5'-9", 180#, romantic, sincere, amateur painter, prefering tenderness? Please write (and please include a snapshot) to: Monsieur Gérard Bouscary, 119 rue d'Avron, 75020 Paris, FRANCE.

(L-12/90) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIAN TRANSPLANTED TO ESPAÑA: GWM, 45, 195#, 5'-8", seeks same to share my excellent adventure. If you're considerateand afectionate with a good sense of humor (stocky and hairy a plus), drop me a line. Friendship is first step. I enjoy sports, theatre, spontaneity and adventure, looking for Mr. Almost Right. Picture gets a picture. Write: **BULLDAWG** (25 cent stamp reqd)

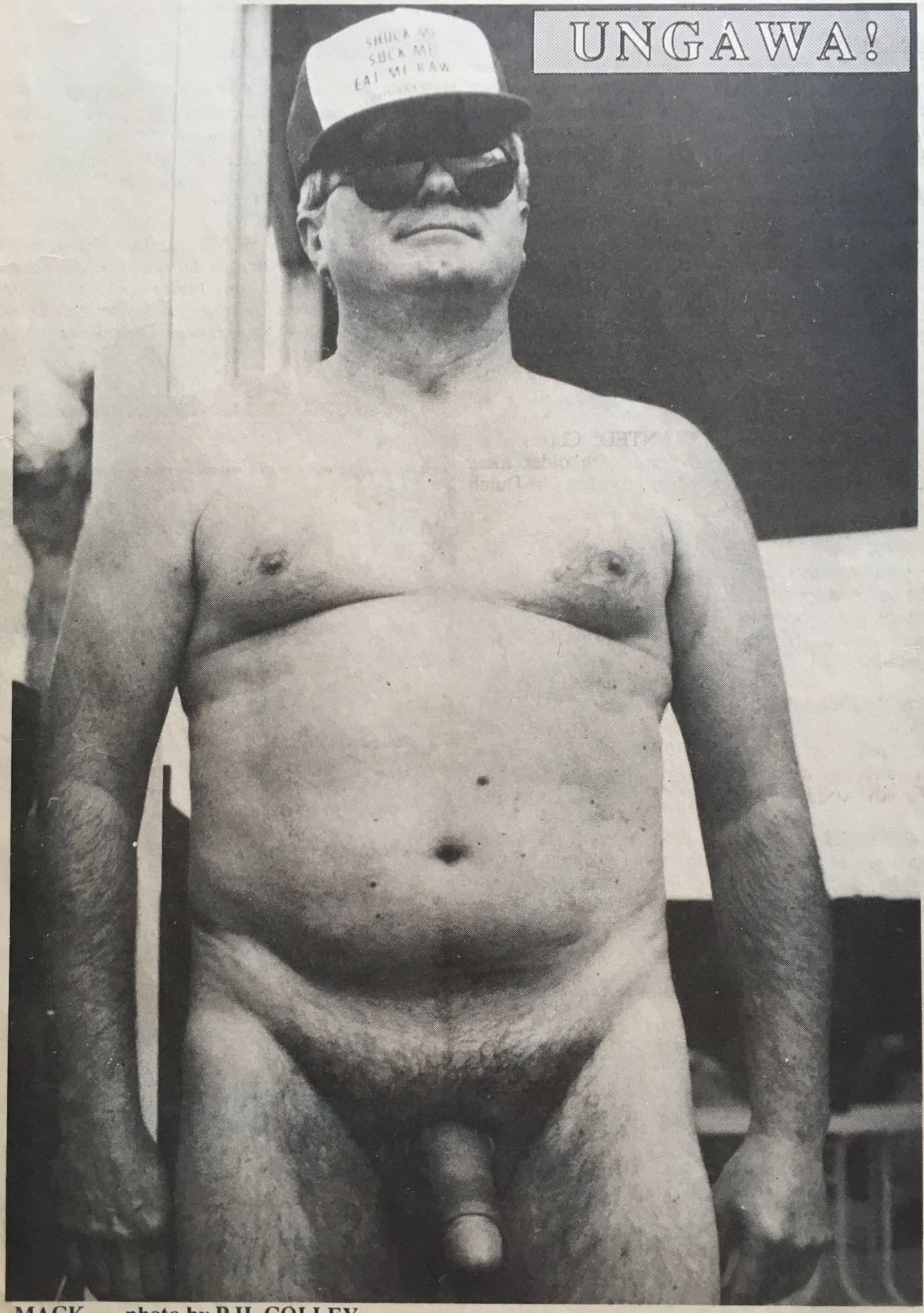
LATE ARRIVING ADS

(S-8/90) HEAVYSET POWERFUL MEN: If you're a heavy, powerful man, 45-65, this hairy, GWM, 36-year-old, 235#, 6'-2" with eyes o'blue is lookin' for you. I'm flexible in bed and enjoy travel, sports and good friends. Write with photo to: Sol, P.O. Box 632964, San Diego, CA 92163.

(H-6/90) NATIONWIDE: Senior citizen partner wanted, to live with or next door to, in New Orleans or Tampa Bay areas. Uncut bottom preferred. Cigars okay; no cigarettes. See my photo in Oct-Nov 89 issue and ad in April-May 90 issue. Tom Horner, 803 E. Fourth St., Greenville, NC 27858. (919) 752-5272.



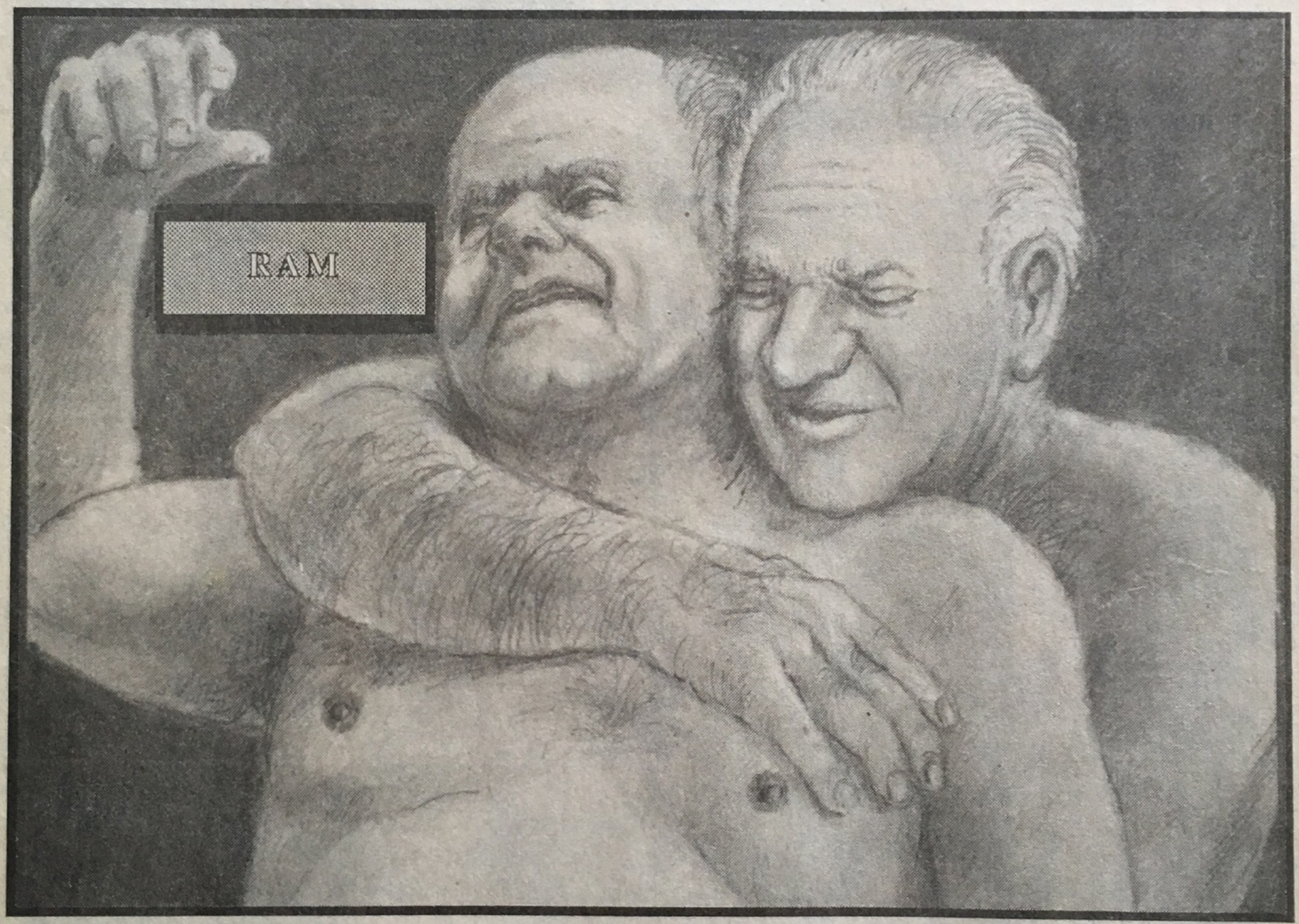
JACK . . . photo by SIMBA



MACK . . . photo by P.H. COLLEY

IN CLOSING

Because my closest friends have always been older than me, I have intimately come to know diseases which manifest themselves during middle age. I've lost four of my closest friends to cancer, heart disease and stroke. I've felt the helpless mixture of grief and guilt over not being there when they slipped away. On the other hand, I've watched as my surviving friends and my sweet Friar have thrived and battled back these maladies, living richly profound, productive lives. One of the most fascinating of these is RAM's lover, whom I'll call RUDY.



I've known Rudy since 1970 and credit him with teaching me the importance of maintaining long term friendships. In spite of all my transformations, his spiritual love has never ebbed. His telephone calls out of the blue have been a powerful source of regeneration for years.

I'll never forget having dinner with RUDY just after he met RAM. Although he wouldn't admit it to himself, he'd already fallen in love and was about to enter into the most joyful experience of his life. Even though I was skeptical of such a thing as love at first sight (a similar experience wouldn't happen to me for another ten years), I loved this handsome artist for making my old friend so very happy. Later, of course, RAM would become one of the most important factors in CHIRON RISING's rise to respectability.

It is little wonder, then, that The Friar and I are very concerned over the latest news from the RUDY/RAM household. RUDY has been diagnosed as having inoperable cancer. It's his second bout with the disease, the first resulting in the loss of a kidney several years ago. Ordinarily, news like this would be bleak, but this couple is not ordinary. They're both fighters, and giving up without a fight is not in their repertory. Both have limitless faith in their religion, the power of love and the ability of the body to heal itself. With the help of their friends, neighbors and church, RUDY's symptoms have all but disappeared, indicating that his immune system has landed a powerful punch of its own. Is the tumor in remission? No one knows yet.

The Friar and I would therefore like to ask our readers to join in with prayers, encouragement and good wishes.

We just can't afford to lose this man.

TBA

IN CLOSING

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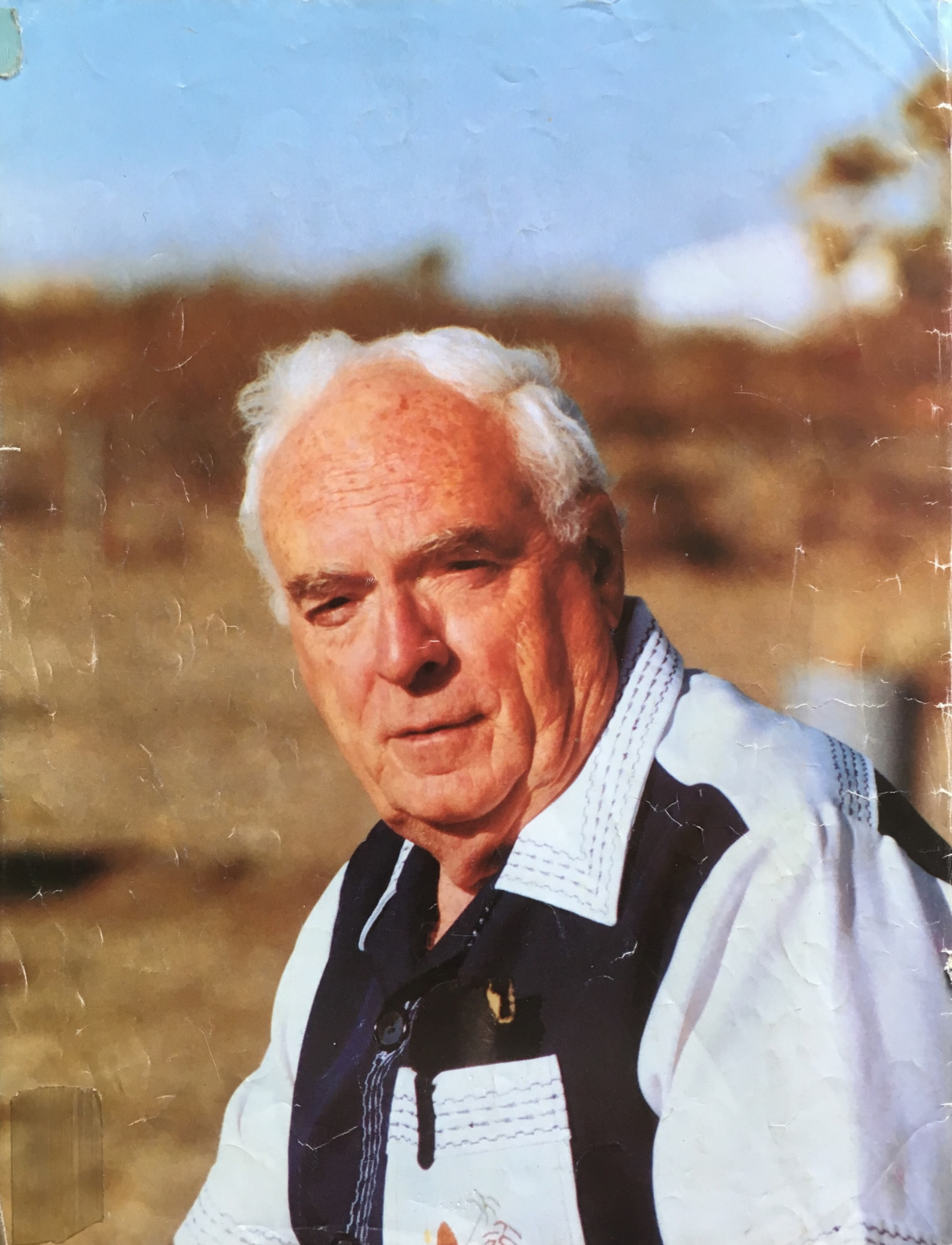
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